

CAN ANYONE SAVE BASEBALL?  
By Robert Lipsyte

# Esquire

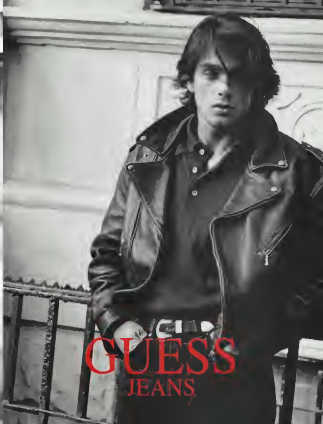
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Baby,  
Standing  
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Mick Jagger  
Goes the Distance  
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Esquire

APRIL 1993 • VOLUME 119 No. 4

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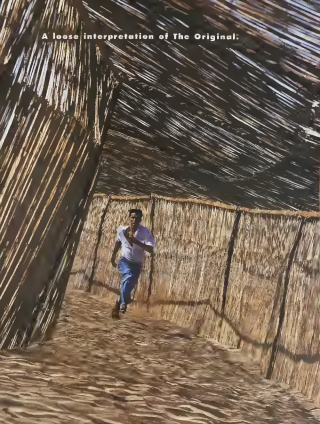
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## PERSONAL SHOPPER

I am always amazed at the innovative strategies retailers create to improve their customer relations and keep ahead of the competition. From clothing parties to environmental awareness programs to novel merchandising approaches, retailers are excelling as marketing specialists. Here are just a few who should be singled out for their originality — as well as my monthly round-up of new, interesting products.

**San Francisco: BARCELINO** has put a stylish spin on the now-famous Tupperware Parties. Instead of Salad Spinners and ice-cube trays, it's menswear designers like Belvest, Canali and Lubsom. Barcelino coordinates all the details, providing great Italian food and wine, and even their own barters! Put to the event, wardrobe specialists from the store consult with prospective clients and arrive at the party with clothing selections for each guest. It's more fun than home movies!

**Los Angeles: BOB RESS**, the southern California specialty store, has designated April as Earth Month. Special events will be taking place in the store, and the windows will be paraded by local schoolchildren. The theme of the windows will revolve around what saving the earth means to them. A percentage of April's sales will benefit a number of local charities that support environmental awareness. Just think: the next Donna Karna, Thierry Mugler, Giorgio Armani, or even Jean-Paul Gaultier piece that you purchase from Bob Ressa this spring (yes, they welcome phone orders) will surely make Mother Earth proud.

**New Jersey: NORDSTROM** has a unique relationship with the Faconnable (pronounced Fa-so NABLE) Collection of clothing and sportswear. They were the first retailer in the United States to hold a license for any designer. This makes Nordstrom the exclusive owners and distributors of the Faconnable line in the U.S. Words like quality and craftsmanship come to mind when you describe Faconnable. The

tailored jackets are canvas-fronted, stitched by hand and made from the finest Italian fabrics. Details like working cuff buttonholes and custom set collars put Faconnable in a league of their own. P.Y.I. — Faconnable is available in select Nordstroms nationwide.

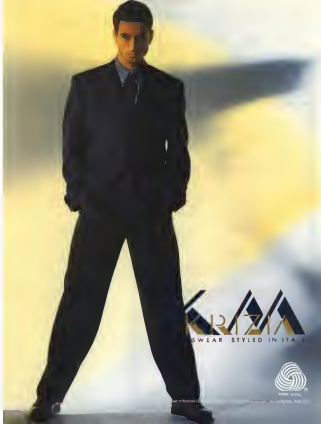
*Elvis.* Can you take just one more sighting? This one's for all you Elvis Presley die-hards. **MISSION** has designed a very hip sleeveless rayon shirt with a montage of Elvis photographs. Ben Marche, Macy's Herald Square and Gadsden's in Texas are just a few of the stores that will be carrying the shirt, and it's less than \$50.

**Wristwatches.** For those of you interested in style and design, I'm sure you're familiar with the **PORSCHÉ** sport cars and the eyewear, but you'll really get an education from the wristwatch catalog. The designs, both classic and simple, are available in stainless steel, titanium and solid gold. They are manufactured in Switzerland by IWC, and this year IWC celebrates their 125th year in business. With such a selection of compass and diver's chronographs, it might be difficult to pick just one — but the *Sportivo 02* is a favorite of mine! For more information on the watches and catalog, give me a call.



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— Todd Brown  
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nautica  
the collections  
spring 1993





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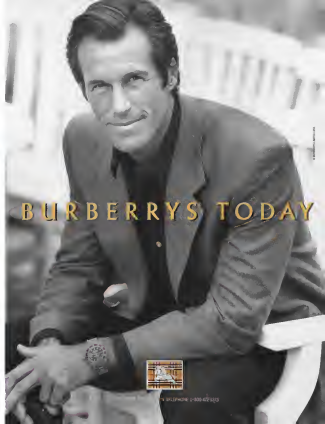




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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## In Dubious Verities



I RECEIVED A piece of correspondence from a government agency called the Bureau of the Public Debt. Imagine that! Must be the biggest bureau in the federal bureaucracy. But, that's only because they don't have a Bureau of Dubious Achievements. So on behalf of taxpayers everywhere, thank you for the Dubious Achievements of 1992 (January). You have once again performed a valuable service at no cost whatever to the public purse. Keep up the good work.

—C. W. CHARLIE MULDON  
Brent, Pa.

THE DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS are just what we needed to remind us that "a mind is a terrible thing."

—MAGGIE KARNER  
New York, N.Y.

THE "STAY TUNED for a Dignified and Uplifting Olympic Moment" was an actual boggling poor taste.

Most of the Dubious Achievements were, in fact, just making fun of someone who lost his hair because of a childhood illness? Hilarious. Making fun of someone whose fire went nearly unreported because of Greco's disease? Sidelining. Laughing at the expense of a coach who committed suicide? Respectfully ironic.

—JIM REISLER  
Jersey, N.Y.

OVER AGAIN, the Dubious Achievements provide a very look at the luxury (and leniency) of our time. I suppose the collective question ought to be, "Where did all these people come from?" Surely, the answer might be that we sometimes have created them.

—RANDALL STRAFF  
Las Vegas, Nev.

## Hair Plug

IN THE GREAT OPENING PHOTO of Michael Angeli's "Nine Million Michael (Robert Ross Can't Be Wrong)" (January), is Michael Fulton (looking, I feel I am what he's doing). You even caught him on a good hair day, so why should I care what he's thinking? The fanatic followers should forgive Mr. Angeli even if he never buys a Fulton album. As long as he approved his subject with an open mind. In any case, I like Michael A. doesn't understand Michael B's hair. Maybe it's because he has no desire to run his fingers through it.

—SALLY FREEMAN  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

## On the Aisle

I WAS SOMEWHAT DISTURBED by Woody Hutchinson's "The Mating of Broadway" (January). I agree, I agree that people should be quiet at plays and not bring food, but to condemn theatergoers for what they wear is a crack. Plenty of people just don't have expensive taste. But then again, perhaps the real reason theater attendees seem like shoppers dropping in for a movie is that

the time to be seen on Broadway is not much better than the mass-produced signs to be found in any mall shopplace.

—FRANCIS HENNEY  
New York, N.Y.

## Brotherly Love

GIVE LARRY CULLEN a model "Garcilaso" (January) you was funny, heartwarming, and extremely uplifting. I thought I was the only one to reach middle age and find myself still bawling.

—ARNOLD SIMON  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

## Woof, Woof

AS I AM AROUND for the SERVICE, I AMOK and now for Tad Friend's sloppy story about Deep Springs College ("Lord of the Cows," October 1992) to come to my attention. I was teaching at the college at the time of Mr. Friend's visit, so I know that the picture he presents is wildly distorted. According to Mr. Friend, I barked in a caucasian commiserate manner because a faculty candidate was "a brainy looking woman." I made no such disparaging noise. Mr. Friend picks definitions: breath of confidence, still straightforward falsehood, even the dozen sentences about this morning. Such accuracy is particularly unfortunate in a story about Deep Springs, a college unique for being both radically unacademic and of the very highest academic caliber.

—KIMBER HOOKER  
Gaspelle, Ind.

TAD FRIEND REPLIES: Mr. Hooker's barking was a light-hearted joke, one of several made by the civil participants at the end of a long morning. I found him in general an engaging and incisive observer of Deep Springs and indeed I quoted him throughout the piece. However, I strongly deny that my error was in any way limited or accidental.

Letters to the editor should be noted with your address and daytime phone number or "The Sound and the Fury" (January 1993) (New York, N.Y.) mailing. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**W**HEN KODY SCOTT was eleven, he dropped out of school to become a Crip. By fourteen, because of the crimes he had committed as an L. A. gangbanger, Scott acquired the nickname Monster—Monster Kody.

As women he was ambushed and shot six times by rival gangs. He was convicted of armed robbery at seventeen and served time. Then, before his twenty-first birthday, Monster Kody was convicted of what he calls "murders" and sentenced to seven years in prison.

While in solitary confinement at San Quentin, Monster Kody began educating himself: studying math, philosophy, economics, and Kevorkian. He changed his name to Stanley Shakur. And he began to write.

During this time, contributing editor William Boyles was researching South-Central L. A. for a television series and met Shakur in jail. Boyles changed his name to his life story and sent the first five chapters to Esquire ("Can't Stop, Won't Stop," page 61). We subsequently sent the manuscript to Adams Media Press, which will publish a later this year.

"Can't Stop, Won't Stop is more than just a slogan," Shakur writes now from prison. "I can't stop moving, growing, learning, or reaching, because that would mean elimination. I won't stop, because that would equal defeat, failure, and surrender, and I decided I wanted to live. So I'm prepared to go to the hell by the horns and ride him till he neck snaps."

That Mick Jagger has taste on his side makes sense. After all, Mick's original music lyrics were the hard-living bluesmen who never grew too old for the road ("The Rolling Stones will still be around in the year 2000," contributing editor Kent Loder says after catching up with Jagger [page 50] just as his third solo album, *Wandering Spirit*, was hitting the stores. Loder is the author of MTV News, the author of *Run Chose Fuller* and the coauthor of *This Is Not a Party*).

Along with rock 'n' roll and God, people have become the death of baseball for decades. Pioneering sportswriter R. Hunter Lister isn't ready to call the corner just yet, but he does believe the game is in jeopardy—it's losing fans, money, and, most important, its moral center ("The Dying Game," page 100).

Lipsey, who returned to *The New York Times* in 1991 as a sports columnist after a twenty-year absence, says that "baseball's future lies in innovative television and, for better and worse, *Baseball Legends*." In addition to his newspaper

career, Lipsey was on *Barry* at the time of 1988's *The Evening Show* and is the author of fourteen books, including *Spunkfield* and *Pre to Be Muhammad Ali*. This fall HarperCollins will begin publishing Lipsey's series of sports biographies for young adults, *Superior Leap*.



Janet Conant

JANET CONANT returns to the pages of the magazine this month as a contributing editor. Conant, who has written for *New York*, *OZ*, and *Vanity Fair*, entered the rare of Sonny Mehta, the controversial publisher who runs Alfred A. Knopf, America's oldest publishing house ("The Very Funny Fun of Sonny Mehta," page 106). Other often outrageous subjects, Conant says, "Mehta told me that publishing people never have anything nice to say about one another. And he was't far from wrong." Nonetheless, the picture of Mehta that emerges is a smooth and savvy dealmaker who inspires respect, however grudging, even from his foes.



Steve Erickson

Of all the philosophical scandals, few can compare with one of the earliest—Thomas Jefferson's measured pursuit of happiness with his slave Sally Hemings. Using that story as his starting point, Steve Erickson has written his most ambitious and complex novel to date, *Am d'X* (to be published this month by Doubleday Press, our excerpt, "The Violation of Sally Hemings," begins on page 11). "I think of Jefferson as the archetypal American," Erickson taps of the *Founding Father*. His new novel, as well as his previous three—*Clay*, *Robert Stone*, *Robert Smith*, and *Stone of the Black Clock*—is a sartorially outrageous voyage into the dark under ground of history.

"The North American Free Trade Agreement is opening up the Americas," says of Mexico, *Guinness* Kato says of the country he has covered for three years in Mexico City bureau chief for the Dallas Morning News. The whole greater opportunity for the middle class was the holy grail of NAFTA, some executive insists. Kato reports on the rise of Domestica's press, cellular phones, and video two stands ("Welcome to Guadalupe," page 71).



Amanda Vaill

The extraordinary story behind author Jeffrey Maizer's libel case against New Yorker writer Janet Malcolm is a just this issue of *hemp* and ethics ("Seduction on Trial," page 5). Amanda Vaill, who is currently writing a biography of Sam and Geraldine Maizer, says that of all the remarkable facts at the case—including a half-drawn pistol with the words "I M" shot attack but was "how a mixed every preoccupied notion of journalism and psychopathology I started with."



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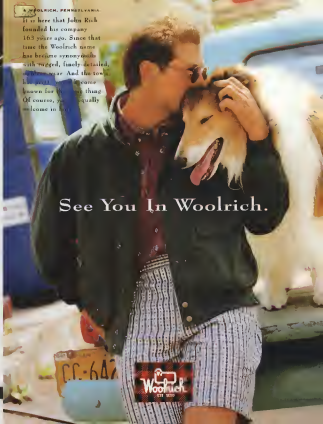
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# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Will Success Spoil William Wegman?

**W**ILLIAM WEGMAN's Chaplinesque brand of conceptual art, exploding canvas collaborations, made him an art star in the 1980s and culminated in a twenty-year retrospective last year at the Whitney. Now Wegman enters book publishing with a new project: updated fairy tales, for a two-book, six-figure deal with Hyperion. The first—just out—is *Cinderella*, starring his celebrity webcammer, Ray Ray, as the snooty stepmother, and Ray's daughter as the winsome Ella. *Cinderella*—with its wiggled-out canines and thrift-shop scenery—has Wegman's reasonable theatrical edge that simultaneously sends up and embraces sentimental kitsch. "I never thought of it as being a change from what I usually do," he says. "At least not until I met with the publisher's PR person." Coming next: *Little Red Riding Hood*.

—ALEXANDRA ANDERSON-SPINY

IT'S A MAN'S LIFE: Ray Ray is his fairy-godmother made, in Wegman's *Cinderella*.

THE DRINKING MAN

## Save America: Demand a Highball

**W**ILLIAM CRIMES writes that the proper cocktail is "bold, clear, slightly arrogant," and the same could be said of his slim yet bracing volume, *Straight Up or On the Rocks: A Cultural History of American Drink* (Simon & Schuster). Elucidator of the martini, master of the jell-O shot, Crimes takes his readings seriously, even including a glossary of drink recipes. But the *Angstrom* hater and the acorn of lemon don't interfere with the real barman at hand, which is culture. If the well-behaved society. When it comes to the

American cocktail, you can't separate the drinker from the drink. When he chronicles the passing of classics like the Manhattan or sidecar, and the rise of the Martini (both in and out) or merely silly (the carpenter's subliminal Harvey Wallbanger), it's not our palates he's worried about so much as our national and "the decline of the cocktail is in fact 'un-American,' an assault on core values as ruthless as the forced collectivization of agriculture in the U.S.S.R." A sobering thought, but fortunately that lot of cocktail recipes is just a page away in



## Feverish

**H**OWE MUCHER HENRI couldn't have deduced Katia Lombardi's origins. Her accent is a mishmash of European inflection, her face, her lovely face, is by turns dusky Mediterranean and even *heavily Asian*, the broad cheekbones suggesting—let's not be inhibited—a far-off place, the swishes on her back, Mongol, Tartar, Persian. As it turns out, crush is stronger than romance. Lombardi's maternal grandparents were Lakota Indians who left the Americas to follow a tribal leader to the island of Tahiti. There, her mother met and married the wandering son of a great Swiss banking fortune. The marriage failed, and when Katia was only six, she and her three siblings were scattered across the elite boarding schools of Switzerland. "With such a strange childhood, you either become a drug addict or an actor," she says. In her

first American film, a libidinous adaptation of the Jean Rhys novel *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Lombardi plays a character similarly disoriented. The novel is an imagined tropical prologue to *Jane Eyre*. Lombardi's Antoinette is the girl who grows up to be the wife in the attic. She is the last of a doomed planter class, drawn into the carnal mergers of the freed Jamaican blacks and rejected by an unrepentant husband, Mr. Rochester, who has England on the brain. She goes mad. "I have always been fascinated by madness," Lombardi says with decreasing equanimity, "because I can feel it so easily."

—JOSEPH HODGES

KATIA LOMBARDI: She sheds Latin and sunny in the tropics.



JOHN BERENDT: Classics

# The Dinner Party

IT WAS HARDLY TWO YEARS AGO, just as the euphoria of the Gulf War was giving way to anger over the falling economy, that America's most prominent socialists started running for cover. In response to a million public no longer amused by lavish parties, the readers confided to *W* magazine that they were tiring things down a bit. "Recess is the order of the day," said designer Bill Blass. Margaret Mochel, wife of George Bush's Secretary of Commerce, said that dinner parties were quieter now and smaller. "People just prefer guests this year," she said, "not thirty-two as before." Mrs. Henry Kravis, wife of the RJR Nabisco-takeover king, spoke of even more domestic privation: "We aren't going out."

Well, that was two years ago, and according to my sources, the party's on again. Members of the aristocracy are set up to their old tricks, but this time you may not have heard about it, because they've learned their lesson. They don't even tell the press anymore. The way they're quietly pleased are on society pages a while back. Its subjects had suddenly turned camera shy. Today's parties are still lavish, although often said to be politically correct (and is no longer the most of choice), and hosts now concern themselves with the "appropriateness" of their social gatherings. But believe me, civility is flowing out of Potomac once again, at nearly one thousand dollars a pound, recession or no. As New York career Lou Sulzberger puts it, "The lights are dim and well behind closed doors."

That being the case, there is no reason why the rest of us should not join in. A certain understanding of the dynamics might be useful, though.

**To be host or guest:** Despite the curious fact that host and guest both originate from the Latin word *hospes*, the two

are very different animals. The Edwardian satirist Max Beer-Holman observed that people are generally cut out to be one or the other, not both. Neither one is superior to the other, and both have their vital aspects. Even the most gracious host is, by imperiousness, somewhat domineering and egotistical; all guests, no matter how appealing, have a touch of the parasite about them.

**Conversations:** Be sure to read Russell Lyness's classic essay "Guests," particularly the section entitled "Hosts." Then remembered, it might be a good idea to pay heed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, who observed that hospitality consists in "a little fire, a little food, and an attentive guest." Emerson was his own best example. Once, while in London, he was invited to dine with Thomas Carlyle, and the two of them sat by the fire smoking pipes for an entire evening without uttering a single word. Upon parting, they congratulated each other on the pleasant time they had spent together.

**Etiquette books:** They can be useful, but their authors often preach absurdities, such as Craig Claiborne's advice in *Elements of Etiquette* that when you excuse yourself from the table, you should place your napkin to the left of your dinner

plate, but if it happens to be a desert plate, you should place the napkin to the right of it. Some of these books assume you are barely housebroken, which is clearly the view of Judith Rie, who writes in *Social Savvy* that "[a]n infinitely you realize you are about to pass some gas, try to hold it. Move down the road will pass."

The need for etiquette books will pass too, when you realize that go persons of the advice they offer is common sense—the Elinor Plut's suggestion that when guests stay too long, the thing to do is to urinate a yawn and look at your watch. Thank you, Elinor! I much prefer the advice of the British Impressionist painter Walter Sickert,

who saw two late-staying guests to the door with the words, "Do come back when you've a little less time to spare."

**The show must go on:** An adroit host can make the best of a lame man, a power failure, or the arrival of unexpected guests. But John D. Rockefeller's daughter Ethel McCormick proved unappealing beyond the call of duty at a dinner she gave in 1901. When the butler whispered in her ear that her young son had just died of scarlet fever, Mrs. McCormick nodded silently and went on with the dinner.

**Servants:** It's all very well to have hired help, but they require special handling, as Mrs. Ronald Greville discovered



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## Bowled Over

WHEN FRED MILLER ROBINSON tags the bowler from the closet in *The Man in the Bowler Hat: His History and Iconography* (University of North Carolina Press), a wealth of cultural and social baggage comes tumbling out after it. Robinson tracks the bowler from Magritte to Beckett, Chaplin's Tramp to Ian Fleming's Oddjob. Born in 1950, the hat quickly came to symbolize industrial efficiency, the British Empire, and middle-class respectability—qualities soon mocked by critics who found it a most useful prop. To Robinson, a film by Dorian Hare Richter of bowlers flying through the air proves that "always within the bowler's sober shape and heavy, respectable contours has lurked a sporty design object, a piece of dark costume that wants to fly free." That's just what he makes it do.

**THE BOWLER.** Pride of the bourgeoisie, Surrealist icon, murder weapon.

## Life After Birth

HERE'S A WELCOME COLLECTIVE to all those buoyant boomer rhapsodists to perusehead. For Benet, for Wines, for Susan Squire (Doubleday), is a suspenseful narrative reported by an intrepid Ann-Spock who gained extraordinary access to the borders and delivery rooms of two couples in the process of becoming parents. Let's just say it's not all sweetness and light and cute little mables in the nursery. Indeed, sometimes it's the parents who should be in the crib, as in the case of one particularly baby-besotted father who professes the company of his infant son to the rest of humanity, including his wayward wife. "Dana's my best friend," exclaims Daddy Tpo. With an aversion to bundle-of-joy sentimentalism that unflinching chronicler should make for more realistic expectations among the amorously expecting. The former-bearded may forsake children altogether. ■



MARK JACOBSON Off the Charts

# Straight Outta Dublin



**BLACK 47 POWER:** Front man Larry Kivan and the rest of Black 47 rock your conscience

**Fire of Freedom, Black 47 (EMI)** Crushed like a sledgehammer the melodies in Paddy Reilly's pub, the first sign that the great American heartland won't fully grasp the essentialism of Black 47 without the experience of having a pint of half-warm stout spilled down its great American throat is the evidence of the raucous chorus of "Go Slaves of Blue." The first further sign that a band whose rock-and-roll number recounts the saga of "cotton leader" James Connolly—shot dead by the Brits in the midst of fighting "for the rights of the workingman, the small farmer too"—won't immediately score the quotidian inspiration of mail men prowling the CD bins.

But, even if Black 47, named for the potato blight/genocidal famine of 1845, comes out for "unconditional revolution," dispenses leather-and-horncap pendant kuz-

ing the map of Ireland instead of Africa, and dimes the rest of rock for not upping the Gulf War, upping the band would be downright unpatriotic. We may now be a country of delusory, soap-boxed subversions, but once we were

fervently alive, a burning, boiling, Nixon of Irishness, and Black 47, prodding its neo-Irishness/ethnic discourse, is the most pungent invocation of Emma Carrara's "give me your hunger, giving to be hunger" (it's written on the Statue of

## Cucamonga Years: The Early Works of Frank Zappa, 1962-1964

SINCE FRANK ZAPPA has spent much of his half-century career performing unrelenting parody attacks on the record biz, the arrival of these so-called Cucamonga sides, documenting his pre-Mothers activities, provides arcane continuity. He was always that way: Zappa, the whole George Clinton, does not appear on the tracks, but his ethos permeates. Obviously regular radio fare, this Zappa-permeated dug heap is drenched with the usual moonbrogue and conterpe—all of which make it exceedingly lovable, of course. The lyric sheet (mostly in Japanese) includes the Bob Oley song, "I am writing to you from Cucamonga," stage "Floral Cucamonga." The weather is lovely. The seasons of moon. "Tin Tin Alley in the San Berdo desert must have been a trip

FRANK'S YOUNG YEARS: Do as you please (R&B) music from Zappa

Liberty, you donkey!) to rock the Bronx and other hom-oughts once who knows what pre-Moonman day.

Larry Kivan (fingered water/cassette, nose, just-in-time, late of Dublin) and his partner, Chris Byrne (resident of Brooklyn, player of the mountain uilleann pipes, currently on sabbatical from his day job with that noted Irish American institution, the NYPD), endorse the Black 47 agenda: "We played the Irish working-class bars on Fleetbridge Avenue, and they said we sucked. They wanted jukebox covers or 'Duney Boy,' complete with sad faces. We wanted something original and real, about being here today. Our love. Their love. Here. We see it as a battle of wills."

For two years, Black 47 has been the de facto house band at Paddy Reilly's on Second Avenue. Now the band's charade of 1990s immigrant life is available via



TOP: STEVE OTTE



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI, AS ENVISIONED BY MICHAEL GRAVES.

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## When Irish Eyes Are Bloodshot

[illegible]

The best song is "Living in America," sung by Karen and Mary Courtney. It's a story of a love affair between two young Irish immigrants, one a construction worker ("I knock down walls with big iron balls, and I mix cement for the con"), the other a nanny ("oh, little deers, dry up your tears, your parents are so busy making money"). There is some wheezy talk of "no salt days or benefits," but the recurring refrain, bittersweet but unmistakably aspirational—"we're all new here"—overlaid at the end with the title, at least they'll marry here, children. Whatever, they'll say. It's enough to make you proud to be an American. **A**



**CELTIC SAMBA:** Expatriate author Michael Collins is on the run from Irish myth

**T**HE IRELAND of Michael Collins's stories is green all night: green around the gulls. His characters have been breathing the foetid air of Irish myth for so long they've become numskulled by their own psyches. These heroes of the Republic vomit on airplanes, lag around suitcases stuffed with dripping meat, sell themselves for coal, kick their children in cars with hungry dogs, and seek refuge from the Emerald Isle

anyplace they can, usually in endless bottles of Guinness stout. Day after bleary day, they put their shoulders to the wheel of Irish history with all the pauses of employees punching a time clock. No wonder they're thirsty.

**H**IMSELF A VICTIM of the Irish diaspora he chronicles in poetry, Collins finds himself constrained in his own life by precisely the sort of clichés he lampoons so mercilessly in *The Man Who Dances at Leabon*, his strong and howling first collection, just out from Random House. His distant cousin and namesake was the hero of the Easter Rebellion. "The older people here my name and give me a nod and a wink," says Collins. He came over to the States in 1959, courtesy of a track scholarship from Notre Dame. "Yes," he says, "it sometimes seems that the Irish in this country are either illegal aliens or dance runners."

Now Collins is living in Chicago, and unlike James Joyce, who chose a life of permanent exile, he would like to go home but doubts he could find a job. So he sits in his apartment, casting a cool, retrospective glance backward. "I don't know whether it's easier to write about Ireland here or there," he says. "After all, everything in my room is Irish—there's Guinness stout, Irish proclamations on the wall, Irish calendars. The engine of nostalgia is working overtime."

—WILL BRYCE

[illegible]

CATHAL DAWSON

PHIL PATTON Design

if you can read this,  
you're too far-out!GARAGE  
FONTS

IT IS NATURAL law: once anyone can try something, someone will try anything. Postscript, for Macintosh, and TrueType, for Windows, not only put publishing on the desktop, but they put type design on the screen and in the hands of the masses. So now, beyond the responsible Times Magazine and Electronic Publishing of the last printers of corporate America, a whole subculture of font designs has

arisen in posters and ads, signs and magazines. The new fonts, spawned in art schools like CalArts, Cranbrook, and the Royal College of Art, are passed hand to hand on computer disc. Most live no longer than a semester.

Underground typography is like underground music—borns chased out of art-school rock, garage bands of strange characters, elevated like looting tapes. The names of fonts even sound like the names of bands: Degenerate, Mucous, Toxic, Dead History, Cold, Shakes, Arbitrary.

Some fonts may have begun with Futury Fonts, developed way back in 1991 at MIT after research showed that letters with softened edges were actually easier to read on computer screens than crisp ones. In the computer age, it was a sign that, typographically, all was well, and the wireheads were in charge.

Some wireheads apparently agreed to be diskheads. They began turning out fonts with a Tiresias, subconscious feel. British photographer Jonathan Barnbrook's Mucous and Toxic resemble the



Disco guitar favored for heavy-metal band logos. His first typofont was inspired by musical sampling—a sort of pun type hint, a decorative theme, all combined to make a new look. Templates, adapted from movable type letters, assumes the deadpan tone of a David Byrne. Degenerate, from M.C. Allan Aliah (whose last poster

call William Nelson), suggests grunge. David Carson, the star designer of the new magazine Ray Gun, the self-proclaimed Bible of Music and Style, was wary of abandoned fonts, too, like and thus as a punk's arm, that strikes him as appropriate for articles about groups like Alice in Chains or Lemonheads. One of them, Nelson's Temperance adds descenders

to letters without them and slaps serif on o's and e's. A few fonts get the equivalent of record contracts—they show up in *Rip It, The Hot, Binge, or Plug*, a journal of new type published by British designer Neville Brody. Brody has long sold

both fonts and music, by such bands as Acid/Arboret, through the mail, and now—despite Carson's reluctance to chase down-Ray Gun, too, is set to sell an art font line, can hardly tell the computer disc from the computer disc.

Wiry, wasted, and subliminally degenerate is the grunge rock of COMPUTER FONTS.

Gills aware, too, how he designed for short life. By the time *The Hot* proclaimed Templates the typofont of the 1990s, Carson declared, it was already past. By the time

underground fonts become available from Emigre, they've been cleaned up and made respectable. The fonts that remain truly underground are the ones you can't read. Among fontographers, slowness has become a virtue. Donald, developed by Erik van Blokland and Just van Rossum, actually mutates later by later, randomly changing the appearance of each character with each use.

Low interest in legibility may echo low interest in beauty. Designers who don't know a gourd from a gourd set out to reinvent the alphabet. Type types have begun speaking dangerously of "new definitions of legibility."

Now many realists agree that outrageous patterns like Massimo Vignelli's "the calls the new lines 'visual pollution,' ugly graphics on the clean old god of modernism—of which, of course, has corrupted their popularity.

But a backlash may be taking shape. For a recent issue of Ray Gun, Carson perverted used only the standard font that

came with the recent Macintosh. But by varying dot size and style, overlying and underlining letters, he still made them as hard to read as any brand-new font is.

SOME WIREHEADS aspired to be SKINHEADS, turning out fonts with an adolescent feel.



Look if Presley (left), by Rick Valenzuela, recently showed up in Neville Brody's fan. Former surfer and current art director David Carson showcases new fonts in Ray Gun (far left; above).

THE FONTS THAT REMAIN TRULY UNDERGROUND ARE THE ONES YOU CAN'T READ

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H A N A T H I S B E S T

JOHN MARIANI Eat and Run

## Damn the Hurricane, Let's Eat!

**W**HEN HURRICANE Andrew rumbled across Florida, many people put off visiting Miami for fear of facing a landscape of palm stumps and bleached beaches. Not to worry. Despite the devastation that occurred south of the city and—although

Conch Gables, Little Havana, and Coconut Grove took some hits, Miami is back in full swing. Instead, a slew of new restaurants and some reopened old ones have kept the city's nightlife the same, catering south of New York, where a lot of Miami Beach's new joints originated.

One of SoHo (so what is only called SoHo-Beach Beach) have come 1 The Merit, baroque and the brand-new **Bar** (328 Washington Street, 305-520-9711), whose

smoothie, boom, is still happening in New York. The flunky thing has already fed Madonna, Bruce Willis, and a lot of local modeling talent from Geoffrey Murry's exotic models effuse menu of dishes like Vietnamese five-spiced quail, Japanese red snapper with basil, coconut, and chili sauce, and goopy

desserts. It's also got the best wine list in South Beach. **Casals Bistro** (764 Washington Avenue, 331-7700) also draws a high-fashion crowd, all of whom seem to know the owner, François Laque, formerly of New York's *Le Cirque*, who brings a same gentility to a beach dining scene that could use less adventure and more sophistication. Casals is a never-ending place with food that would not be out of place on the Riviera, roast duck with braised cabbage and emmentaler, hearty steak with shallots and mashed potatoes, and sweetbread in a warm vinaigrette salad.

One of the toughest tables to get right now is handled by owner daughter Gloria Escobar and occasional Carrara and Jorge Larrea. **Larrea on the Beach** (100 Ocean Drive, 331-9577) gives Miami Beach what it has been oddly lacking: good Cuban cuisine, including fresh sliders of hot beef, homemade sandwiches, puddle of beef à la Cubana, and sweet-fried plantains.

If you just can't pass another menu, you'll find a somewhat less frantic crowd at the great-looking new **TiH Street Diner** (1015 Washington Avenue, 331-8151). The owners curate a fine 1940s Pantheon diner

from Pennsylvania, fired it out according to the state's Hurricane code, and opened three days after Andrew hit town. The low prices draw a big crowd that comes for honey-baked Virginia ham, southern fried chicken, and key lime pie.

The classic Pantheon looks and careful French

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The classic Pantheon looks and careful French



**A LA CUBANA:** Tables are hard to come by at *Larrea on the Beach* (top), *Jugo* and *Carrara Larrea*, their most chicken and fried green plantains.

Kansas "Bake" Supper (after a song with David Byrne) back to the **Grand Cafe** (1015 South Bayshore Drive, 331-9100) at the Grand Bay Hotel—probably the finest dining room in the city. *Bake's* menu shows the benefits of French training and Japanese conceptualism: rice dishes like steamed neck of lamb, served with Mediterranean vegetables, and Florida shrimp grilled with Indo-Chinese spices, mango and tropical ginger sauce. ■

rooking of Gilman and Mignola. **Le Cote's Brasserie Le Cote** (1301 Florida Avenue, 441-9107) are just what Coconut Grove needed after an onslaught of high-volume night's hangouts like *Café Ti Ti*, *Tango* and *Hooters*. You won't be ordering any of chef Jeffrey Brannan's fish dishes, but the beef with burnt corn is too good to pass up.

The Grove has also lured

BRIAN SMITH

APRIL 1993 **REQUIRE** 45



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For more on the video collection, visit [www.hugoboss.com](http://www.hugoboss.com)

## House Hunting

## A Spread in the Hill Country



HOME ON THE RANGE: Good work, good land, and good air—all within shouting distance of Texas's burgeoning state capital.

**THE PLACE** Austin, Texas. Or thereabouts. If you expect any showrooms, you've got to get a ways out of town. If you want to stretch out on forty, fifty, a hundred acres, you'll want likely pick up your groceries in lake mouse or handless like Georgetown, Dripping Springs, Cedar Creek, or Driftwood.

**WHO'S MOVING IN?** As they say down here, "rancher wannabes" (youngish Austinites buskining for fresh air, yearning to "grow their own herbs and stuff"). A few adolescence types have been known to raise horses, but most just want a big yard. Moreover, while no one was paying much attention, high-tech megafund MCC quietly staked its claim on north Austin, attracting a host of support industries and turning central Texas into "the new Silicon Valley." This means software designers, neighbor.

**THE BUILDING MATERIALS:** The entire ranch house is built to last, most using the rough-hewn limestone quarried in abundance in central and west Texas. Basic ranching construction is also common, as are installed no roofs.

**THE SITUATION:** Despite all you've heard about the depression in the Texas energy economy, what with the Revolution that Corporation will bring the biggest realtor and all, property values have actually risen about a percent in the last eighteen months. The buyer's market that prevailed for six years has leveled out, so there's actually a slight squeeze on available spreads.

**THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH:** Stuff down here is still cheap. And the locals don't seem to be kept in the fact. Selling up a 1,000-square-foot ranch house on forty-eight acres with a creek and lots of mature, live oaks—years for a scant \$147,000, financing packages available—a worried broker insists, "I hope these numbers don't scare your readers." That's the high end. Most of this land is considered rural and can be had for 10,000 to 15,000 per acre. A 2,400-square-foot house on a hundred acres is

375,000 is downright reasonable. Important to remember: The more land you buy the lower the cost per acre.

**FORMERLY WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE WHO WERE FORCED TO SUBDUCE THEIR PROPERTY AND SELL IT OFF TO BARGAIN HUNTERS LIKE YOURSELF:** Less. The list is too depressing to detail, but Willie Nelson and John Connally tap it off. Down here, you're nobody unless you've come back using funds at least a corporate bankruptcy.

**THE HERRY METROPOLIS:** A fine part of the deal is that you can get your spread in the hill country and still be just thirty minutes out of Austin, which remains, for all the growth north and south, a pleasing, hospitable, and cultured place. Natural springs, swimming, barbecue, and sell the best music going, even as a poor-knock Ray Vaughan world.

—MARK WALLEN

## THE LISTING

Modern two-story, four-bedroom ranch house on 26.8 acres near Georgetown. Large deck, three-car wrap garage, and the rest. Oak, maple, elm, and lots of pecky pine wood. Lake view. Asking, \$280,000. Source: Coldwell Banker-Bedders, Georgetown

## HYPERKERATOSIS?

(Symptom: persistent itchy, flaky scalp)

When your scalp just keeps itching and flaking, you may have hyperkeratosis. It's a condition associated with psoriasis, seborrheic dermatitis and dandruff.

Neutrogena® T/Gel controls it. T/Gel Shampoo contains the ingredient most recommended by dermatologists and approved for these three common scalp disorders. And, T/Gel is gentle to your hair.

Hyperkeratosis? If you have the symptoms, you know it. T/Gel fights it.



T/GEL® CONTROLS IT.



## First house. First party.



Smirnoff Two glasses. An old fridge that makes great ice

Perfect.

## Seduction on Trial



TEN YEARS AGO Janet Malcolm, a respected journalist for *The New Yorker* magazine, made a trip to Berkeley, California, to interview an iconoclastic young psychoanalyst named Jeffrey Masson. Masson had recently sparked a controversy in the analytic establishment that resulted in his dismissal as projects director of the Sigmund Freud Archives, the repository of most of Freud's unpublished letters and other documents, and Malcolm wanted to write about it.

The *May* Malcolm will journey to the Bay Area again to see Masson, but this time they will face each other across a courtroom instead of a table at *Cher Pousse*. And depending on whom you talk to, which is safer will be either the reputation of a courageous critic of psychoanalysis or the freedom of writers and publishers from crushing restrictions on free speech. For according to Jeffrey Masson, the *New Yorker* story Malcolm wrote (later published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf as *In the Freud Archives*) was a "deeply dishonest" portrait, in which "many of the statements attributed to me are, at best, distortions of my words and ideas—in worst, outright fabrications." And in November of 1981 he sued her, *The New Yorker*, and Knopf for libel.

The case of *Jeffrey Masson v. The New Yorker Magazine Inc., Alfred A. Knopf Inc., and Janet Malcolm* is one of the most closely watched First Amendment actions of recent years—and one of the least understood. By now it has become publishing's version of *Jencks v. Jencks*, the lawsuit in Charles Dutton's *Black House*, that "screamer of a suit [that] has, in the course of time, become so complicated that no man alive knows what it means." It is about defamation of

character or the freedom of writers to report uncomplimentary facts without fear of reprisals by their subjects?

Dissonance in the case, and conversations with many of the figures involved, contradict the conventional wisdom surrounding it. How did a conversation that began as a convivial lunch degenerate into such an orgy of acerbic and untruthful lies? The lines drawn in *Masson v. Malcolm* are not so much blurred as unmarked, as if in an *Escher* print. To disentangle them you have to go back to the beginning.

JANET MALCOLM IS A WARMHEARTED WOMAN WITH A RAREFIED smile who has been writing highly regarded criticism and reports for *The New Yorker* since the 1960s. She has shown a particular flair for the arts and psychology—so she won a race to cover the ruckus Jeffrey Masson caused among the Freudians in the summer of 1981.

A precociously brilliant former Swedenborg professor with a



THE JOURNALIST AND THE SHRIMP: Jeffrey Masson jilted by Janet Malcolm's unflattering portrait of him. He sat against her and *The New Yorker* got its trial in May

Harvard B.A. and Ph.D., Jeffrey Masson had entered analysis in order. He says, to shed with his persistent promiscuity. By his own estimate he had slept with one thousand women by the time he left graduate school (The couple apparently dies hard. "I'm perfectly prepared to say anything," he was to tell Malcolm in an interview, "including my sexual feelings for you.") Fascinated by the process of analysis, he started training to become an analyst himself. His parents and classmates quickly attacked the absence of class, then, the elderly secretary (and only begotten) of the Freud Archives, who in the fall of 1960 appointed him to the newly named post of project director and designated him his successor.

The next summer Masson exploded a bombshell. In a paper delivered to the Western New England Psychoanalytic Society, he accused the founder of psychoanalysis of yielding to pure promiscuity to abandon his "reduction theory," which proposed that nervousness caused by sexual childhood sexual abuse. Although the orthodox view of psychoanalysis is that Freud's rejection of the reduction theory liberated him from the tyranny of the libido and allowed him to discover the poetry of the unconscious, Masson, disoriented, "by drifting the emphasis from a real world of analysis, mystery, and cruelty to an internal stage on which actors performed inverted dramas for an invisible audience of their own creation," he said, "Freud began a moral away from the real world that, it seems to me, has come to a dead halt in the present-day morality of psychoanalysis throughout the world."

From one of the leaders of the Freudian Band, this was heresy. In the fall of 1961, Anna Freud, and the other trustees dismissed him. Masson was unrepentant and characteristically hyperbolic. "If I'm right," he said at the time, "they'll have to recall every person since you. It would be like the Nazis." He filed a \$5 million lawsuit against the American Board for wrongful discharge in April 1962, and on October 9 Malcolm went to Berkeley to talk with him.

WHAT MALCOLM SAW WAS (in the description) "a young-looking, well-built man with a mess of curly graying hair, wearing jeans and a denim jacket and staid aviator glasses and carrying a leather shoulder

bag." What Masson saw in Malcolm was a reason for vindication, or at least for explanation. "I don't want to be understood by someone who I feel could not understand me and would write back, because that doesn't do me any good," he told her. But he wasn't, a person, looking for puffery. "I had read your articles and liked them, because I knew you could write, because I knew you knew something about the subject," he said. "You know, it will have a certain tone of objectivity—often a slight negative tone."

Malcolm's reaction to this—on recorded on the interview tape—was laughter. They talked at Malcolm's house, at the club Berkeley restaurant, Chez Pissini, in Masson's car, in Masson's new apartment, and elsewhere. Malcolm tape-recorded their conversations, except when they were driving or walking. Masson didn't see her taking notes, although notes of the conversations exist. During the course of a week they covered Masson's personal life, his theories, his relationships with Sigmund Anna Freud, and other analysts. Although Masson was casual about his sexual experiences, he appears to have been somewhat reticent about this. "I know I can reveal a lot of these sexual things because I know pornography is not part of *The New Yorker*," he told her. "You're not going to give the lady details of it."

MASSON CONTINUED his taped conversations with Masson by telephone for a number of months. In the spring Masson made a trip to New York to discuss his book, *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory*, with his publisher, Bantam, Street & Green. Malcolm visited him and his girlfriend to stay with her and her husband—New Yorker editor Gardner Borchardt—in their Tangle Bay house zone. And one morning before breakfast, they had a quiet conversation a desk that was to have long repercussions.

In the fall, New Yorker fact checker Nancy Franklin called Masson with a query about Malcolm's finished article. Masson requested a change in a quote

attributed to him, and Masson may be asked to have his other quotes read back to him. Franklin denies this and claims that "at the end of our conversation there was nothing left unresolved, and he never complained to me one single time about any inaccuracies." The quote that Masson revised was changed back in proof by the article's editor—

**"I'm perfectly prepared to say anything," Masson told Malcolm, "including my sexual feelings for you."**

who just happened to be Malcolm's husband.

Gardner Borchardt. Malcolm claims that quotes are never read to interview subjects—but Dr. Salvador Masadon, a noted family therapist who peddled in 1961, remembers that "she told me that whenever she quoted if I thought the quoting was incorrect, I had the right to correct [it]. He remembered making many changes in the article—

and was very impressed and respectful of Malcolm as a result. One wonders what would have happened next if Malcolm had done likewise with Masson.

The first installment of Malcolm's article appeared in the issue dated December 5, 1971. When Masson read it, he wrote to the *Washington Post*, "I realize I had been totally betrayed"—not just by his portrayal as a narcissistic, womanizing braggart, but by the questions he claimed Malcolm had put in his mouth. When the week Masson's lawyer, James J. Frawley, telephoned *The New Yorker* to protest, but the second installment of the article went to print as planned.

Nor was there any reason to learn from Masson, his research assistant, Marianne Loring, or his friend Robert Goldstein—who claimed he had been recontacted in the article. When *The Assault on Truth* was published in February, *The New York Times* first *Review* dismissed Masson's arguments about the seduction theory because "everything we know about his character," so the reviewer, Anthony Storr, wrote, "makes Mr. Masson's accusation wildly unlikely. For a portrait of Mr. Masson as a person, one cannot do better than James Malcolm's brilliant articles in *The New Yorker*." Miss Malcolm portrays Mr. Masson as perpetually adolescent... concerned only with gaining maximum publicity for himself.... All that [his



book) and no author deserves oblivion." This review was representative—and the book (for which Masson and her publishers had had high hopes) sold only eleven thousand copies.

Meanwhile, Malcolin's article appeared in book form a month later, in *Marx's*, with a few significant changes. Quoted remarks by Robert Goldstein and others were amended—Malcolin borrowed language from Goldstein's protest letter but inserted it as if it had occurred during a conversation with her months earlier in Berkeley. But no changes were made to any of Masson's quotes, the quotes that now caused Robert Coles, reviewing in the *Frankfurter* and *The Boston Globe*, to call Masson "a grandiose egoist—misrepresented, self-serving, full of bagginess, impossibly arrogant, and, in the end, a self-destructive fool." And he added, indignantly, "But it is just Malcolin who calls him such. His own words reveal this psychological profile."

Malcolin himself took the same line in a letter to the editor of *The New York Times Book Review*. Defending himself against a protest from Masson about the daily *Times* review of her book (by Christopher Laschman Hays) and the *Book Review's* evaluation (by Harold Bloom), Malcolin wrote on the offensive. She alleged that Masson harangued himself by "direct quotation," cited the *Key* fragment of typewritten correspondence and the twenty-three interviews, and finished by saying, "Many of the things Mr. Masson told me [on tape] were discreditable to him, and I felt it best not to include them."

MASSON'S ORIGINAL complaint against Malcolin and her publishers was filed in November 1974; it was followed by four revisions and four responses, the last dated October 1980. Helen Stephenson, executive director of the *Archives of the Authors Guild* (which later filed a brief on Malcolin's behalf), points out that "it took Masson five times as long as it took me to track"—but she doesn't mention that it was only during the process known as discovery that Masson's lawyers were permitted to examine Malcolin's tape recordings and notes and compare them with the published version. Masson—unlike Malcolin and the *New Yorker's* checkers—didn't have notes and tapes of the conversations to refute her memory

Stephenson. But Malcolin, also uncertain that the things Masson said on tape were much more "damning" than Malcolin's text. But Nancy Miller, Masson's book editor at Farrar, Straus and later at Addison-Wesley, claims that "the five or six things that made Jeff seem like a complete maniac were the five or six things that were set on tape." A comparison of Malcolin's text with her tapes reveals interesting differences between them.

(1) Malcolin reports Masson's saying of her relationship to Anna Freud and Karl Esler: "I was like an intellectual gigolo—you got your pleasure from him, but you don't take him out in public." Masson never said this—or at least not on tape. Speaking of his part in one poem, he described a relationship with a woman who told him that he was okay to sleep with but that she couldn't take him out in public. At quite another point, he described how Anna Freud and Esler enjoyed his involvement in private but were embarrassed by it in public. Malcolin seems to have conflated these two statements. On the tape Malcolin says, "You said something which I was just reminded of when you quoted that girl who said she liked sleeping with you but she didn't want to have anything else to do with you, when you had something about how the analysts thought you were this private man but a public liability."

(2) Masson is described as planning to rent Freud's house in London—which was going to become the headquarters of the *Archives* after Anna Freud's death—was "a place of sex, women, fun." Nowhere does this phrase appear in the taped record of his conversations with Malcolin. What he said was "Oh, it's a beautiful house, but it's dark and somber and nothing went on in there. Boy, I was going to rearrange it and open it up, and the sun would come in and there would be people and—well, that's what it needs, but it is an incredible warehouse I mean, the library—Freud's library alone is precious."

In her typed manuscript Malcolin changed this to "Stan would have come pouring in and people would have come, there would have been parties and laughter and fun." (Possibly this line, phoned was suggested by something the Masson did say elsewhere, referring to a London friend: "We were going to give women on to each other, and we were going to have a great time together when I lived in the Freud house. Well, he had had great parties there and we were going to love it up.") Then she crossed out the version and wrote in the following: "It would have become a center of schizophrenia, but it also would have been a place of sex, women, fun."

(3) Malcolin depicts Masson as telephoning her to "crow" about the forthcoming publication of his book. "Excuse me, I'm a psychoanalyst," she says. "What tell me reaches the bestseller list, and watch how the analysts will crowd." They will say that Masson is a great scholar, a major analyst—like Freud, he's the greatest analyst who ever lived. Analysts search or fill with me now! Masson said say this last sentence, but he modified it. "It's got nothing to do with me. It's got to do with the things I discovered." And elsewhere in the tapes he repeatedly says that analysts won't accept the conclusions in his book, although he feels "this book really is—the end for them."

(4) In Masson's description of the meeting where he gave his last paper, Malcolin quotes him as saying, "That review about the sterility of psychoanalysis was something I tucked on in the last minute, and it was totally gratuitous. I don't know why I put it in." There is no documentary evidence that Masson said this. He said his comment was "a possibly gratuitously offensive way to end a paper to a group of analysts," but "I totally believe it."

(5) Discussing the board meeting at which he was fired, Masson tells Malcolin that *Insider* promised him not to resign and "poison Anna Freud's last days," but meant to "love with [his dismissal] in silence—because it is the horrible thing to do." At which Masson, according to Malcolin, commented, "Well, he had the wrong man." This pas-

phage was changed to "Stan would have come pouring in and people would have come, there would have been parties and laughter and fun." (Possibly this line, phoned was suggested by something the Masson did say elsewhere, referring to a London friend: "We were going to give women on to each other, and we were going to have a great time together when I lived in the Freud house. Well, he had had great parties there and we were going to love it up.") Then she crossed out the version and wrote in the following: "It would have become a center of schizophrenia, but it also would have been a place of sex, women, fun."

**Says Masson's editor, "The things that made Jeff seem like a maniac were the things that were not on tape."**

# GUCCI





court for what is called summary judgment—that is, a finding that whatever the defendants may have done or not done, Masson's claims literally didn't fill the bill in law. To prove a claim of libel against a public figure, a plaintiff has to demonstrate that the statements made about him or her are false, that it is untrue to the public, and that it was made with what

**Journalists, Malcolm wrote, prey on people's loneliness, gain their trust, and then betray them.**

lawyers call "malicious disregard" for the truth. This process is time-consuming and expensive. Says publishing attorney Martin Gershon: "In the Masson case, a libel action against writer Peter Maass and his publisher, we spent as much to get to summary judgment—that's the cheap, fast way—in *Winnipeg* [General William Westmoreland suit against CBS News] as we do in *Masson*." Under Malcolms's theory, if Maass had sued Maass in Malcolms's name to sue Maass in this case as an "accused" procedure (usually, it's rather common) or which the defense is often "obliged to leave unchallenged data accusations that at trial the plaintiff would have to back up with evidence." She doesn't mention the obvious corollary, which is that the right to back up her published assertions "the accusation that I fabricated and invented quotations and left their words beyond belief." I surely deny it, and there is no evidence for it." On August 15, 1990 Judge Eugene F. Lynch granted summary judgment to all defendants in the Masson case. He concluded discrepancies between Malcolms's text and the tapes, but because there was no evidence that Malcolms and her coauthors "intentionally created doubts about the truth of the disputed passages"—the legal term for this is "actual malice"—there was no basis for the lawsuit. For a time, that seemed to be the end of it.

**T**WO WEEKS LATER, Janet Malcolms received an interesting letter from Daniel Kornstein, the attorney for writer Joe McGinnis. McGinnis had just been embroiled in a lawsuit of his own. He had been sued for fraud and breach of contract by Jeffrey MacDonald, a former Green Beret who had

been convicted of murdering his pregnant wife and two little girls. Before his conviction MacDonald had made a deal with McGinnis, the author of two previous best-selling books—*The Selling of the President* and *Gang*—who seemed to write an inside account of MacDonald's trial, in return for a portion of McGinnis's earnings on the book. He would give McGinnis unrestricted and exclusive access to all details of his life and defense. When McGinnis's book was published, however, it not only put forward the argument that MacDonald was guilty, it proposed a motive for the crime.

Feeling betrayed, MacDonald went to court. Just as Judge Lynch was deliberating on Masson, the MacDonald case ended in a ruling just as unfavorable to him as the Masson case. Kornstein wanted to alert the press to the danger inherent in MacDonald's lawsuit—which, he said, "suggests that newspaper and magazine reporters, as well as authors, can and will be sued for writing truthful but unflattering articles" about interview subjects. Malcolms, who had just enjoyed a victory over her own interview subjects, and only took the bait—she turned on the following day.

Her revealing New Yorker piece, which appeared in March 1990, was a sensation. In contrast, dramatic disclosures—ranging from a colorful depiction of McGinnis and his lack of shifty supporters to a graceful, intimate MacDonald and his ethical concerns, in particular his lawyer, Gary Rothenberg—had been the high color and polemics of mass media. There's even a stunning recognition scene, when MacDonald, interviewed on *60 Minutes* to publicize the book he still has not seen, is told for the first time—in front of millions of television viewers—that McGinnis considers him a psychopathic killer.

But it wasn't Malcolms's technique that caused the uproar; the story that gripped the public. It was her now infamous opening sentence: "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on," she begins, "knows that what he does is

mostly indefensible. He is a kind of confidence man, preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust, and betraying them with out remorse."

Magazines and newspapers across the country read to exempt themselves from the indictment. The *Chicago Journal News* invited leading nonfiction writers to consider the issue, as did a number of journalism conferences. And a few journalists, like John Taylor of New York magazine, paused to wonder whether this opening wasn't a thinly veiled account of Malcolms's relations with Masson. Malcolms strenuously denied this, as does Rothenberg, MacDonald's attorney. "I can't think of any similarity [between the two cases] that strikes me as significant," he says.

He may have a point. The important thing about *The Journalist and the Murderer* (in Malcolms's McGinnis-MacDonald piece was called) is not what it tells you—even by inference—as an actual event. The important thing is what it reveals about Malcolms's method. She weaves pages of transcript (she was not present at the trial) into a lively narrative in which self-interviewing letters from McGinnis to MacDonald claiming loyal friendship and unwavering belief in MacDonald's innocence, are read to the court as evidence of McGinnis's perfidy. But she doesn't quote any of the other letters, also arranged in evidence in the trial, in which McGinnis—well, in substance, if not in Masson's insinuation—barges on his feelings, or tells MacDonald he must preserve his independence. Nor does she quote the letters from MacDonald to McGinnis saying he knows better than to believe McGinnis's tender her control, the doesn't even mention them. She portrays the journalist who controls the desk as a shifty First Amendment zealot and a professional holdout who forced a long jury in his only other trial appearance, and she claims that all the other jurors "felt" that McGinnis was not telling the truth. But the jury foreman had sent a letter to Gary Rothenberg (Malcolms's source for information about the trial) saying this:

Malcolms belittles creates a subjective impression of what the case was about and how it worked out, and while people don't buy newspaper articles—everybody buys her version of the story. The New York Times wrote so

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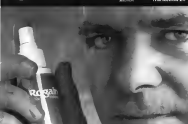
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**AMERICAN SCENE: AMANDA VAILL**

confuse what the law requires of a journalist with the best way to go about being a reporter. "Mistakes herself put it with her customary elegance. 'The usual ambiguity of journalism,' she said in her afterword to the paperback version of *The Journalist and the Murderer*, 'lies not in its aims but in the relationships out of which they arise—relationships that are inevitably and inescapably legalsided.' The relationship between author and subject is an 'ambiguities' one. In the game between herself and subject, she wrote, 'I held all the cards.'"

ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN October 1991, the Supreme Court agreed to hear the case of Jeffrey Mason v. The New Yorker. Alfred A. Knopf and Janet Malcolm, not to rule on the question of whether quotations had been altered or fabricated but to decide if—should a jury find they had been—those alterations had been made with reckless disregard for the truth.

First, American advocates were dismayed. "It is a monumental step back," complains prominent attorney Martin Garbus. "It gets rid of thirty-five years of libel law." But enraged by the McGinnis affair, the journalistic community was ambivalent about supporting Malcolm. At a raucous meeting of the Authors Guild, the executive committee was persuaded to go to bat for her only after executive director Helen Segalman and others, "threatened it or later, let's pretend it's one of you guys." Finally the Authors Guild, and numerous other media companies and associations as well as the Pulitzer Prize-winning writers Edmund Morris and David McCullough, all filed briefs for Malcolm and her publishers.

Oral arguments in the case took place in Washington on January 14, 1992. Malcolm did not attend. She—yes, The New Yorker and Knopf—was represented by a former clerk of Chief Justice William F. Rehnquist, H. Harlow Fere III. But Mason was there in person with his lawyer, Charles O. Morgan. A tangle link with the McGinnis/McGinnis case was provided by McGinnis himself, who had come to cover the arguments for a story commissioned by Vanity Fair.

The Supreme Court delivered its opinion on June 10, 1992. Justice Anthony Kennedy seemed to have Justice Roberts's libel checklist in the back of

his mind when he said that five of the six disputed passages in the *First Archon* were "intentionally" different from Mason's typed words, that a jury might find the differences defamatory, and that a jury would have to decide whether the changes were made with reckless disregard for the truth. The case was sent back to the Ninth Circuit in California—and on April 6, 1992, the court of appeals reversed its earlier ruling. It exempted Knopf from the suit because the publisher or was "entitled to rely on the investigation of the matter previously conducted by The New Yorker," but maintained that The New Yorker "had a responsibility to ask [Malcolm] to explain a practice that, on its face, was so inconsistent with responsible journalism." Mason would get his day in court ten years after his first encounter with Malcolm.

OW MAY 10—after all the allegations and amends—there will be what the court calls "a trial of fact." In the proceedings, Malcolm will no longer be represented by The New Yorker's attorney, she has retained the services of Gary Rothenberg, the hero-Jeffrey MacDonald's lawyer of "The Journalist and the Murderer." Rothenberg sees no irony in being called to defend a writer from her subject. "I don't get hung up on ideological purity," he says.

Mason—who is currently a visiting professor of journalism at the University of Michigan and has recently become engaged to the prominent feminist legal theorist Catharine MacKinnon—says he is "looking forward" to the trial. Malcolm's supporters are just as anxious for a resolution. "I am sure that once the case is heard and the notes are revealed, [Mason's complaints] will be taken care of," says one of her close friends.

Perhaps the First Amendment purists are right, and a court shouldn't decide whether irresponsible journalism (if it's proved to be irresponsible) is illegal. But if it decides that decision, or if the parties reach a settlement that precludes "a trial of fact," won't editors and journalists everywhere have to worry about the chilling effect—on writers or magazine or book publishers, but on their sources? For as long as sources and subjects are afraid of being misquoted or misrepresented, they will seek to limit access and withhold information, creating a kind of permafrost that makes it impossible to dig for the truth.

# SCOTLAND?



## NO.

Aye, the wind echoing down the highland cliffs, the whack of a golf ball on the velvet green, the clasp of a horse, the wave of a farmer, the slap of the fish on the fisherman's line: Is that the high tide you thought this was? It is. Only this one is also tropical, ringed with clearwater beaches and swaying palms, and it's all close enough for a weekend away. So come on in, lads and lassies, the water's fine.

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## Zuck and Me



**J**EFF ZUCKER AND I have never had lunch. I've been fixating on this fact for years now. Lunch is a deeply symbolic event, an immovable benchmark in the evolving engagement of two people. Jeff and I worked together closely for years. We had an understanding. We had, as President Clinton promised he will have with Saddam Hussein, a "relationship" that was not "obsessive." The Zuck and I have never in a simple guy-versus-guy come-from-kind-of-way-done lunch. This pains me deep down, because now we never will.

Jeff Zucker is the most successful person I know. At age twenty-eight, he is the concave producer of both the *Toddy* show and the *Nightly News with Tom Brokaw* (though by the time you read this, he may have passed the reins of the morning show on to some supporting fascination). The recipient of a salary that by some estimates seems well into the six figures, and with legs and promoting power over legions of government, blow-dried, overpaid network correspondents, he looks as a living infomercial for what pure will to power will score you in the modern world.

People who don't know him—but know that I do—tend to be extremely about him, as if I were his unfairly more agreeable and accessible cousin. They say things like, "Jeff is Mister TV?" and "Jeff's been really great for NBC?" Then they go for the personal information—whom he sleeps with, what kind of "relationship" he has with Tom, with Bryant, with Keri, is he modest or does he suck all the air out of a room just by entering? This kind of thing.

When people say to me, "We've read a lot of stories, but what's the

real, private Jeff Zucker like? I smile and tactfully defer: nowadays one doesn't see about Zuckerians as if it's so much lunchroom meat. Zucker himself is worth something (okay, here's one: He's a Dolphin fan), and, as I recently told a group of Hollywood producers who were coming outside my office, the story of Mike and Jeff is really a saga.

It is a saga filled with hope and heartbreak, the passing of intellect, quarrels, to be sure, but above all a swim in the warm, spring-fed pool of mutual respect. Jeff has been Vladimir Nabokov to my Edmund Wilson, Mark to my Keris, Rex to my Stumpy. We were freshmen at Harvard, starting out together on *The Osmen*, and at least one of us, anyway, was seeking to become the new David Halberstam, the new Anthony Lukas, to write long books filled with idiosyncratic and self-adoring metaphors about ambitious, self-centered men. Jeff and I didn't talk much these words



**JEFF ZUCKER AT THE GRIMMARD:** Intimate scenes from a correspondence. Note: Seen this man will be consulting your mind, your pocketbook, and maybe even your soul.

were superfluous to our relationship. He was interested in sports, I in politics. He was short even then.

In due time it became clear that Zucker and I would be competing for the presidency of the newspaper in the face of many tactical errors, an error that arguably presaged the more violent revolution of the Eighties, I assumed that he would not be taken seriously because he was merely the sports editor. To top it off, he did not share my conviction that South African divestment would become the defining issue of our time.

In the months preceding the Turkey Shoot—a two-day slog of interviews, huddling, and negotiation that produced the following year's concave lineup—Zucker was the embodiment of chill. He had always been called JAZ, after his initials, U, on the other hand, failed about, behaving that being just the meaner damn guy I could be was enough.

In retrospect, I should have seen the importance of Zucker Cook. I should have understood that to make it big in these days of limited resources, one should never give freely of one's essence (or lunch hours). It is important always to be the type of person who is described as wooden in public but partial to sporting a certain playful loll when entertaining close friends. In this respect, Zucker was our Peter Jennings, our Al Gore, our William Shatner.

I've since learned how to play this whole success game, and I think you know who. His's tricks at *Esquire*? you'll ask "Gotta tell ya." I'll answer, bringing the conversation to a sudden halt. "I can't complain." I live by the oral now-unwritten motto: The working paper goes the big Christmas bonus.

There were fourteen people deciding our fate at *The Osmen*. For hours they debated, so we (anyway) resented in our dorm rooms. Seven supported me, seven supported Zuck. On my side were the phony intellectuals, the army people, the "writers." He had the power business diodes, the sports editors, the bull photographers—the collegiate analogues of the investment bankers and corporate lawyers we remember from trend stories about the Eighties.

Essentially my people—and I use this term adverbially—threw in the towel and made Jeff the president. I got to be managing editor, and the rest is history.

Years later one of those photographers included among Jeff's people asked me out for coffee. He had something to go off his chest. He wasn't sleeping well at night. He said he wished he had scored for me. I said, thanks. I guess Jeff doesn't know this.

Jeff's legend grew quickly, instantly dwarfing the endless run field of play at college. There was that time late at night in the end of the 1980s *Seoul Olympics* when Rob Cohen wrapped up a broadcast by saying something to the effect of, "I have so just to thank the barely hundreds of people who have lifted themselves making this broadcast possible, but I do want to say Zuck, you pulled us through."

The rest of us controlled ourselves with the belief that at this velocity he was bound to trip, and, furthermore, he was quite noticeably holding. We constructed elaborate minutiae for why Zucker was Zucker and we, as the other hand, were only ourselves. TV is not mindlessly rational, I said to myself in one moment of weakness. I'm writing back answers for a hip but soon-to-be-defunct weekly.

We were aware of how deftly he handled the media, the way he would give quotes so pleasant and opaque as to be Walter Christopher-esque. Zucker was quoted as saying in *Harvard*, in an article about Bryant Gumbel last February: "He's enjoying himself now. He's having a good time." He became someone I'm reading in *QJ* about his subtle but overpowering mental change, and we stumbled a bit too loudly to ourselves after reading in *New York magazine's* "Tribune of New York" issue that his transcendence idea for 1993 was to find out "what blacks, gays, and women want from Clinton... we'll call it *Clinton Expectations*." Well, we could have figured this out on our own.

As people in the *Esquire* editorial army after many about Zucker's high-handedness with underlings, we marveled at the nature of power. At once these meanings reached the level of last-night anology. Is it possible to attain prominence and yet remain oneself or does the mere achievement of stature lock one of person? Or, more significantly, what kind of 5:00 A.M. conversation can we imagine Zuck and Steve Phillips having in the executive washroom?

I particularly convulsed myself with the fact that Jeff played poker badly.

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## LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE

Why, I would be showing a better hand than he could possibly have at roulette and still be in the running in blue chips. But maybe this was his way of telegraphing a worse message. He could have a few hundred bucks, he was wearing more than the rest of the table combined.

I haven't seen Jeff for a year now, but I feel we are very close. Last time I bonded with him we were at a friend's wedding, a nice Jewish affair out on Long Island. Jeff couldn't stay long. I asked him how he was. "Good, good," he said, "ouch, sympathy." I was dead, too. He was off to Connecticut for "some corporate thing." Well, I passed kindly, if without any significant communication.

And now when the endless stream of reporters call up for that defunct show who knew him when quote—and thank God, they still call—I always call back (yes, that was me quoted in a recent *National*). I think anew upon their question. Are those any truly remarkable moments you wish to share with us about Jeff? I think long and hard and tell them that, well, no, really there aren't.

As you might guess, I am filled with conflicting feelings about this man they call Zuck. I want to protect my last reader-like links to him ("So, Mike, tell us more about your childhood..."). "Bryant, I'm glad you asked that...," but I also want to yank him forcibly down to my level. I am fully aware that, in world-class schadenfreude purveyor Gene Wilder (or was it Brandon Torrey?) so brilliantly pointed out, when a poor musician, a little something dies in all of us. Or a lot of something. A musical "trend" of Jeff and mine has gone, by his count, nearly a thousand hand earned (non-network) dollars on a psychiatrist paid to come to arena shows to discuss them. He's very popular when I am. Jeff does the best damn show on morning TV. He feels I have a moral failing. Last year, this friend was muttering, "Smart guy, stupid medium, smart guy, stupid medium."

I have no time for such musings, being a temperate sort and generous to a fault. And I am a touch possessive that I (and most of you) can engage in self-indulgent shadow-boxing in a national magazine. I am somebody. After all, I know Jeff Zucker.

Michael Biehn is a career editor of *Esquire*.

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## LETTER FROM MEXICO: GREGORY KATZ

### Welcome to Gringoland



EVERY NIGHT on the cable TV that brings the three American networks to the upscale neighborhoods of Mexico City, I watch *Rather*, *Jennings*, and *Brokaw* chronicle the collapse of the colossus to the north. The themes are the same: no jobs, no health care, seductive women, wicked men that can't be discussed without breaking the budget, a *Revolución* principal shot dead by noise, tuberculosis spreading in city hospitals.

Then it's on to the Mexican news, read by the debonair and wealthy Jacobo Zabludovsky, a Mexican-Polish Jew who is so well connected that he's no longer really a journalist. When Mexican president Carlos Salinas de Gortari travels, Jacobo often goes with the cabinet to the president's plane, while the rest of us huddle on microphones on a show air-

force at which access is by one another. Things sound rosy on the Mexican channel, where Jacobo chronicles a country on a two-year roll. The free trade treaty with Canada and the U.S. has been signed and is expected to be ratified by Congress; foreign investment is rolling in, GM, Ford, and Chrysler sales are up, most U.S. companies and jobs are coming—if you run an auto-parts factory, would you rather pay U.S. workers eighteen dollars an hour or Mexican workers six dollars a day? President Salinas is hailed as one of the great leaders in the world today. Cárdenas Páez has won the Nobel Prize for literature. Guadalupe Jones—rather than Salinas with her spider heels—was recently named Miss Universe. Inflation is the lowest in modern history, and the stock market is up.

There's no room for irony down here. When Salinas won an international environmental prize, no one who covered the broadcast awards dinner mentioned the diverse killer pollutants that are choking the capital city. Everything is expanding: more cellular phones, increased bank machines,

America sits in the marbled-and-marbled walls, and new disco and aerobic studios vying for your leisure time.

That is the last boomtown in North America. As the U.S.A. becomes something else, Mexico—at least Mexico City—is becoming the U.S.A., gorging on a buffet of easy money and franchised pizza.

Taking us traditions from the exiled Aztec rulers (who sacrificed thousands to make a point) and the macho Spanish conquistadors (who wielded absolute power, along with *limón* and *chocolate*), Mexico has evolved into what Mario Vargas Llosa calls the perfect democracy. The president is elected virtually at direct representation. The right election was thought by many to have been stolen to prevent the opposition from winning for the first time in history. Salinas will be able to choose his party's successor in the 1994 election—no money promises to muddy the process here—and the government's vast resources will be used to help his team keep the opposition at bay.

There's no serious challenge from within or without. The Bush administration, which had no problem citing China as



**ROCKY ROAD:** The gringos are all read in fancy—our money, shady politics, and rampant disregard of the rules—our elite and well and transforming Mexico.

most favored nation, won't a free-trade treaty with Mexico mean that a would-be democratic opening here. Now some of Clinton's disgruntled winners, including Latin Americans from the Center days, are calling him a "time to pressure Mexico for real political change: the money talks—Wall Street and Washington view Mexico as an exploding market of 85 million people, fascinating two party systems or not."

President Clinton's powers of persuasion aren't limited to the public wall game. When the Mexican army was embroiled in an embarrassing scandal caused by a shootout with the elite federal anti-drug police, Salinas praised the army for its commitment to the war on drugs—even though Mexican soldiers killed anti-police officers who had forced a cocaine-laden Cessna to land. The two drug plots, caught with more than eight hundred pounds of white powder apiece, landed for the U.S., walked away from the plane to freedom while the soldiers and the police shot a cat.

The president created a National Human Rights Commission to hear citizens' complaints. This was a step police men and soldiers. It was later learned that surveillance devices had been planted in the commission's offices. I suggested to the president's staff that this might prevent people from coming in with complaints (would you denounce a police lieutenant if you thought he was innocent)? No, no, the president's men said me, the fact that the bugging had been revealed showed the system was aboveboard.

In the grand old National Palace, off the moon, Fernando Hernandez, in charge of controlling air pollution in Mexico City, points to charts showing that lead and sulfur dioxide are under control, and though he admits that ozone is a bit high, he suggests it's not really dangerous. A quick study of the ozone figure provides a shock. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency says that exposure to ozone at half of its level to a daily average of less than 0.2 parts per million, as in Mexico City, can at two or three times that level for one hundred days a year.

We are the guinea pigs in an unproven experiment, providing a blueprint for future shock. The air gets even more toxic, yet the world's biggest city keeps growing. Gasoline consumption keeps rising. The air is filled with so much fiscal dust that it often sticks, and untreated sewage water is used to irrigate crops. I used to think it was odd when the pilot on a flight from Dallas would say, "The weather in Mexico City is tricky." Slightly more apt to be a meteorological term, but it's an accurate description as the city becomes an inferno.

Like trapped rodents, those who can afford it, increase at home in rooms with purified air. Car dealers could spread purifying filters for \$250, but even that carbon-monoxide levels may soon be high enough to kill motorists caught in traffic in an underpass on a sticky day. The government has announced an emergency plan that would shut down factories and roads when ozone levels rise above three times above the "safe" level. But nothing was done the first time those levels were reached (the government promised the next week would blow the ozone away). A million-dollar-plus to build the world's largest fans, to disperse pollution, is under study, but few believe it'll work.

To really cut the smog—to reduce the vision of the wonderful snowcapped volcanoes outside the city—the government would have to severely restrict the operation of factories and vehicles that would throw people out of work, and poverty, which can cause death by a dozen possible maladies, is an immediate threat, whereas pollution can cause only hyperbolic deaths far in the future.

Mexico's environmental regulations are strong—a fact that has helped Salinas convince many U.S. congressmen that American companies will not move to Mexico to avoid U.S. pollution laws. But enforcement is often lax. Last April, city officials in Guadalajara decided that a gas buildup in the sewers wasn't serious enough to warrant an evacuation. Waiting less after a rash of criminal complaints, public-health officials decided that the situation was under control. The

next morning, the sewers exploded, and more than two hundred people died.

Facing severe environmental problems—industrialists report finding lead and pesticides in babies' blood, and mothers' milk—Mexico spent around \$1 million last year on a lobbying campaign to limit the public-relations damage on Capitol Hill. Some of Ronald Reagan's top trade negotiators, including former U.S. trade representative Bill Brock, now work for the Mexican government.

And still the boom continues. It's like Manhattan in the late '20s. My rent has more than doubled in the past year and a half. Everyone thinks first made will push prices and profits still higher. U.S. companies are flocking here, and Americanizing what has long been one of Latin America's poorest and most alcohol-ridden. With the coming of Bryant Gumbel and MTV, with home delivery of Domino's pizza, and with the arrival of such gadget megastores as Radio Shack and the Sharper Image, Mexicans are on an American pop culture binge. The newest and priciest malls feature signs in English, every week there is a new show of 16. Lozano displays like the coming of T. Car's Believe It's Vegas, with plans for 150 stores. This country is a virgin market where there's a perception of quality over American products, the passion of the Mexican franchise—a franchise—said me. There may be dirty in home, but the glory days of American capitalism are being measured south of the border.

In my neighborhood, it's a constant clash between old and new. Taxis still knock on my door—no handsets, but small birds of compassion, with a trumpet and a steam train, anxious to send me for thirty cents. Their meek filters into the late afternoon, so distinctly sweet and Mexican. Further down the road, a traditional taco stand has replaced as a "video taco stop" with twenty-four hours of MTV on six monitors. On my block there is an old, run-down cattle (with meat) that used to be home to one of Mexico's top movie directors. Two friends recently moved into an eleven-room house. As they were carrying their stuff in, a dead horse was being eaten out. When they tried to get rid of the disgusting horse-horror material that came with the room, the owner told them, in a reverent tone, "You can't throw that out. Anthony Quinn had sex on that." ■



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## THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

### Fresh Southern Air



**J**UST THIS MORNING, at dawn in fact, I stood outside in my underpants in the dense, bitter cold, a blustery wind laden with snow out of the northwest, thinking about the new administration and the wild-duck soup looming as an obvious breakfast choice. It was a comfort indeed to finally have men at the helm without benign contempt for blacks, Latinos, Native Americans, gays, lesbians, artists, and women. All these folks have been getting a raw deal for quite some time now, so much so that I won't mind in the least when my

well-deserved income tax slips back up to the 50 percent mark. The only gale I find really tolerable is in the aftermath of glowing consensus at Senate ratification that started a cow year. During the snap I had made the right before me out of left over mallard carcasses, I began to brood over the old reason

found tremendously disappointing except for the crab cakes, the National Gallery and the westward of Bill Bradley borders. I have engrained my deep-seated state during a long spree of taking in too much air and water, a sensation I hope to overcome. One tended to gulp air and water during

the past twelve years, leading to be grounded in basic elements to avoid falling off the country like dead meat off an upturned plate.

I actually stayed up until a 40 a.m. to watch the election returns, due to dabbled and anxiety that television was telling a monstrous hoax or less someone would turn it all around. After a fatal on-hour sleep, I binged for the rest of the night and had a span and wish for breakfast, a long lake, then Campbell's tomato soup (with chicken cubes) for lunch. I still not pass the way again, as they say in unrepentable expression, once in a lifetime, a culinary hunger jump also to Mergel's dinner chair.

Now to the advice itself, though I haven't returned my back yet. That up the bloody Rose Garden, which has become as famous as Paul Harvey and Bush. Lushly, dig an enormous parlorhouse and place a rose left garden. Build a kennel for bird dogs, preferably pointers and setters, also a sleek and top-notch, a trout or bass pond to practice fly casting, and a big vegetable garden, as nothing burrows



**Dear Bill: Put a barbecue pit in the Rose Garden, shun French food, and use lots of gravy**

my stock answer to the sexual arena and also covers trips to the dog track, most restaurants, and perhaps life itself.

So Bill and Al, send me fifty cents apiece, and peruse my familiarity. At least I'm not some reference knock like Son Doucillon. Also, I'm older than either of you and can tell you what I wish. I worked valiantly for you in the after-assessment before in recent years it required a couple of drinks to even bring up the subject of politics, while with that notion that there was an invisible cloud of liquid that waking over us day and night. Now that the cloud has dispersed, we can all wash up and go to work, having finally received the real contents of trade-down. And take note that I don't actually want to go to Washington, which I have

quite so much in growing some of your own food. Find the workers who are doing that and do some of the cooking yourself—distance food preparation passes the real work and destruction. I suggest that you like Nova Scotia, and while you're at it, pace the house grain. It's local when too long.

On dozens of trips to the American South for sporting purposes, including Tennessee and Arkansas, I have noted a number of nutritional pitfalls and, in fact, have fallen helplessly into them myself. For instance, when my brother John left Niles and New Haven, he found me, Arkansas. He found me, seven people in seven years on addiction to biscuits and gravy, a southern dish. Now that he is back to a vaguely normal diet, I accompanied him to his national therapy group on this addiction. Biscuits and Gravy Anonymous is a little less dramatic than other twelve-step programs—you can only grade your sin for sin metaphors, and the problem is mainly a metaphor for itself. I picked up with an idea cribbed from the great therapist Sander to the effect that gravy is a bycycle you never forget how to ride; you just have to stay off the bycycle. This notion was met with little enthusiasm, as the group did not mean to ban biscuits and gravy only to control consumption in all its manifestations. Several sausage gyros, ham with every variation of mild-groovy, even biscuits with shading-guzzled gravy, or the dried gyro with gravy in a bowl, drunk, by general admission, when no one else is in the room.

One can easily imagine Gene and Clinton may look when in public, regard yearning for the daily life by reducing current ingestion to once a month, the desperate procedure of jugging can be avoided. At the very moment I know me to jagger with sausage dice and five more morning leane gravy. One can scarcely sort out the warlike collapse under tribulation and clams of generic virtue while experiencing back pain. During my own search in the hospital to restrict, I found observation in one and all, and allow me to tell you that a nation can be led well under the influence of Fuscoid, Dorend, and the humiliation of hospital food.

Since everything is available to you, you should know that in such a case as power food. Surely you remember

where Macmillan reads every manuscript out of Reagan to Bush during a time when the Great Cornucopia's dinner hall has on a diet of pulled breast, yogurt, and trout. Macmillan, Macmillan, has been running power food—grain, coffee, ribbons of forest pork, pig's feet, oyster brains and love, vegetables, a daily dozen plus oysters, game birds, mushrooms, plus literally shelvesful of garlic. That sort of thing, the results of the meeting could not be otherwise. One has to wonder if those who control the national supply at the CIA have been sleeping at the switch.

And finally, that dreadful fish French "continental" food at formal banquets, state or otherwise. People would be actually happier with a three-course fish. Indeed, from Minguet's with the contents of the cheese and dessert (served at Dore's for Dore's on the side. There are hundreds of simple soups and stews that can actually be served here—dishes, bouillabaisse, chateaubouffe, cioppino, even the holy Mopas escudado. Soups, plate, plate, a little bit of fish, a wonderful table. Gabelet's. I have drunk recently. I say a magnum, per se, or, as there is no matter experience, then being engaged with an angry glass between two hours. If you want more, place eating boards laden with horseshoe pork shoulders, beef tenderloin, this, and later spend out along the table to follow can come out over. If you want to try your best to the vegetables, how bowls of broiled, Italian vegetables dressed with olive oil and garlic, also some poached Pacific coho, seiche, green Costa Rican avocado dressing with Dorend's omelette. Come to think of it, there is a simple dish that would try hot for large numbers—French dish that involves stuffing a buttered quail surrounded by a potato-and-leek puree back into broiled pork ribs.

On the subject of vegetables, avoid those undercooked vegetables that no one can eat, and read Thomas Jefferson on the subject. Accept no foreign plot but Bordeaux and thurgently the word will get around. Do not forget the greens of

your youth—called turnip, mustard—they are an integral part of the cholecystitis of digestion, pushing the dangerous flies down to the Potomac, though they slide better with an ample quantity of fish pork.

For entertainment before, during, and after dinner, invite the President to sing his "Our Town," segue into the Pro Musica Antiqua during dinner, then a "Book of the Apocryphes" followed by some Scary Ballads and Jackie McLean. Don't avoid

your chicken, as they keep people awake. Start Billy Graham (to start in his profession) next to Allen Ginsberg, Matthew Fox next to Rose Perot, Dennis Banks and Ron Allen. Menta brande Kevin Costner, Marilyn French next to Warren Beatty. Do not be politically correct to have dancing girls, or dancing boys and girls together in the

form of any of a dozen ball companies. Surely everyone likes to look at bodies. And don't forget daily and fully undressed naps. Most of the final mischief engineered in the world is accomplished by non-people. I like who can't let well enough alone, as in some of the study by the AMA, the London School of Economics, and the Babo-Logos.

That pointer of advice, with more to follow in the years ahead, is a sample of what you'll get for your dollar. Some of my critics think that over the years I have learned a little too well how to get the jump on longer. Perhaps. But then I was never meant to be seen, and Bushington has thousands of somewhat balding wise guys. What's wrong with having the last word, preeminence since Kennedy and Johnson? The past twelve years I've got lucky, and now we need some technology.

**H**OW LONG? If you sale reliance to you look for southern hints, try one of the exquisite products of Hama-gion House in Vermont (802-342-1414). How Chardonnay, which has me just right, and Jon Jackson's remarkable new mystery. He is the House (Atlantic Monthly Press) is

Jon Harrison's fondness for food of health is not published by Houghton Mifflin was just

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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

### The Attack of the Killer Boards



**M**IKE DITKA CRIED. Well, he didn't blubber or anything, but almost. It was at the news conference after he was fired. It froze my heart. The specter of that big hunk of insensate beef . . . choking back convulsive sobs that could not be let loose in front of all those men. "Scripture says . . . this too shall pass," said Ditka. Then he couldn't talk for a while. The same day, George Bush nearly caved in under the weight of his grief at his West Point address on the future of American

military policy in the post-Cold War age. The specific subject matter was Somalia, but I don't believe he was crying about Somalia. I think he was crying for himself, for the loss of power, the repudiation of his entire vision of himself. Whatever the reason, there's no question that had he not stopped speaking, we would have seen his chin, already working up and down with some vigor, fold in upon itself miserably, his mouth turn down at both corners, his eyes squint up, and then, to our horror, head lean go boohoo the way all human beings do when they cry.

The following week I was in a meeting with a number of senior individuals. The subject was an upcoming corporate reorganization being initiated by our Board of Directors, which had abruptly shown signs of mood, grief, and tears. The senior vice-president of planning described some things we were going to be doing to appease the board, which was demanding radical amendments of key body parts from the existing governance. We all thought about what he said. There was a deep, more silence. "This is hard," he said. Then

he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose for a very long time. In fact, after a while it was pretty clear that he wasn't blowing his nose at all. He was trying to disguise the fact that if he were not somewhat sadly choking out his breath, he would be crying. A grown man making more than \$250,000 a year . . . gulping for self-control in the most pathetic fashion. It was truly not excellent.

People think business is cold and mechanical because there are a lot of numbers around and people are brutal all the time. But it's not. Our feelings run hot and deep, especially when they pertain to ourselves. And if you speak as we bleed. We bleed a lot. And then

we cry. And it stinks, no matter how right and proper such decisions might be. That has always been true. But it's particularly important that you hear about it now, because I don't believe we've seen the last of this board-of-directors thing. It started when the daily attacks of General Motors got tired of *Bulwer-Lytton* dragging his feet on those necessary staff decreasements and kicked him out on his leader. The Stempel de-capitation sent a wake-up call to every publicly traded management and was followed by similar patches at Digital, Compaq, and IBM, among others.

And in general, we all think that is a really good thing, especially with smart and sunny boards around like the one at Sunbeam Dairy, which owned their thirty-seven-year-old supercharging crypto-finance chief executive at 11:00 on a Saturday night (by phone! Duh!) when they found out that this weekly former CEO had been working his insoucious staff down step a week, requiring them to wear berets at home in case a crisis arose in the small-appliance world. Now, thanks to that board, he's out of there! Good board! Take a bow!

But there's no denying it's scary, too, the way the entire role of your traditional board has changed, as is the transformation of any board that, after a lifetime of purely walking on whatever rubber nipple was placed between its gears, suddenly grows a full set of teeth

Here they come! And for the first time they've got teeth! Sharp ones! Aieee!



STEVEN GUARNACCIA



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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY | STANLEY BING

and demands more. What if that kind of power fell into the wrong hands? What if it was wielded without compassion, as we sometimes do in our boardrooms?

It wasn't long before things started to happen. On February 11, I heard the first rumormongers about Grady I found it hard to believe. Grady joined the corporation when Alvin was still considered somewhat hip, and he occupied one of the best seats in the golf cart for a long time. He had a lot of friends. Grady did, most of whom gratefully blabbed him, which is unusual around here. Lines of men and, how could such a thing be happening to a former boss? On March 1, I began to hear buzzing about my old friend. At one time if you wanted anything done, anything at all, you needed Finster. Now, obviously things had changed. By the end of the month, Finster had joined the list. Service time to the company twenty-two years. These were not little cocked franks we were rolling around on our palates. These were big dogs!

Such knowledge is a terrible thing. One Friday I got a call from Grady. "I'm on the date at the NABOB lunch today," he said, using the acronym for the National Association of Big Outlandish Bosses, a prestigious organization that gives excellent leadership that take up most of the day. "It's basically an excuse to have a few pops and get back at 4:00." Grady said, "Wanna come?" I did. We sat together at the banquet and talked about a lot of interesting things. The future of the industry. His plans for his expanding group. Where he and his family were going during the spring break. How delicious was the first crisp and juicy eggs after a good meal. Only every three or four seconds did I think about the feed information that was rolling around inside my brain.

The next day I took a walk all the way down to the lobby to get a pack of gum and ran into Finster, who said he had heard the rumor about Grady and was thinking about making a move for the job that Grady was due to vacate rather sooner than later. The disparity between hope and reality in that brief walk left me feeling as if a lump of cold cement had congealed on the roof of my mouth.

As the man of the following week, Finster was invited to leave "to perform some review" up here. He emerged from his meeting in surprisingly jolly condition. "What's up, Bud?" I said as he

stood at the elevators, whispering. "I just had an excellent talk with Arnold," he said. "Good stuff. New opportunities, that kinda stuff." He had lowered his voice most mysteriously. "I hear Finster may be in on it. That's a mighty mean office he's got down there on twenty-seven." Then the elevator came, and he descended. I went to see Arnold, his senior officer, whom I found sitting in his desk, which was entirely empty save for a lone wicker chair worn out from one of the psychotic customers who periodically tumbled in with potted crotches. "What, big grand, Arnold?" I asked. "I had looked, not exactly like I thought he would look."

"I couldn't do it," said Arnold. He rose and stared at a young woman who was searching topless on the high-rise below his window. "I wanted to do it and ended up talking about new opportunities in American business and how our system was an excellent thing, and then we made another appointment to talk about long-term alternatives to his current track, and he left. How am I going to do this? The guy had me into this company. Our kids go to his private camp in the desert and he said, 'You handle this for me.' He was holding the telephone message slip in my face. 'Sure, Arnold,' I said."

This whole thing is hard on the executives too, that's my point. The following Monday, very early, I saw Arnold at the coffee machine. "Cheri's doing Grady and Finster today," he said. I felt sorry for Cheri. But these are not the times to argue sympathy. The announcement was made later that day. Grady was leaving to pursue significant opportunities in the industry. And he is too. No grass will grow over him. "I told Cheri it was true," Grady said when I dropped by to see him later. We shook hands. I wished him well, and I meant it. I always do, and we've waded into the triple digits on the stock market. I mean, have those dark particular headlines.

Things with Finster were harder. He appeared in my door at about 3 p.m., looking, at first glance, quite perky, and

I realized that his skin was dead where and the gleam in his eye was rage, not good humor. "You see," he said.

"Be down, Bob," I said. He did not as down. He picked, picking up my pen, checking a list on my desk. "I can't believe it, Bob," I said.

"Come on, Bing," he said. "You know."

"I heard, sure. But I don't believe everything I hear." He was sort of bouncing from one wall to another. "It's really hard to believe," I said again. I felt empty, stupid. He sat down and just looked at nothing in particular. Out my window.

At the floor. At his hands. For once I found that I didn't want to offer bullets, but when it came to verbal responses to this particular situation, bullets was all I had. Everything else was just pain. So we sat there, silent and sore. "I'm sorry, Bob," was all I could finally come up with. It came out strange, choked and guttural. I could feel my

face getting hot and my throat starting to close up. I realized in one terrible moment that it was quite possible that if I said anything, anything at all, I was going to cry. I think he was too. "You gotta go," he said. He left, clattering any door behind him, looking on to.

I pulled myself together, didn't worry. The face was so. It was all fine. But this kind of cup is definitely not fine, no, it's not, it's exhausting and sad and precious you from doing anything approaching serious business for weeks afterward. Keep this in mind, it may be worse. It may be perfect. It may be the only way our new superstitious boards can discharge their solemn duty in Asgardian lands of the underworld. But hey, guys and ladies, before you put aside your complementary continental breakfast and make things happen, make good and goddamned sure you're doing the right thing, that's my point.

Because we're not just executives. We're people. And when you prick us, we have the natural reaction. We bleed, you prick us.

*Stanley Bing is the author of "Crazy Times and is a contributing editor of this magazine."*

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## COFFIN CORNER: PETER MAAS

### Winning Ugly



**E**VEN WHEN MY FRIEND Barry Scheck is politically correct, as they say, he is not. During his school days, Scheck was a big campus activist against the Vietnam War. What he wanted was an end to all student draft deferments. His theory was that this would immediately cause white middle- and upper-class parents across the country to bring such political pressure on Washington that the war would soon be over. Naturally this approach did not sit well with all of Scheck's white middle- and upper-class class-

mates who were answer activists. The only thing that made it worthwhile, Scheck recalled recently, was that one of his classmates, "a right-wing superpatriot, practically a John Birchler," named William Barr, who became the Bush administration's last Attorney General, was so outraged by his sagaciousness that he was expelled.

Then, after Scheck got out of law school, he played a key role in the defense of some Irish guys in federal court who were accused of running guns to the IRA. "How can you defend these terrorists?" he was asked. "They're not terrorists," Scheck said. "They're freedom fighters. Besides, their civil liberties are being trampled on." So the

Isn't this the way you'd always heard lawyers are supposed to behave?

assassination of nearly everybody who followed the proceedings, the Irish guys were acquitted on the grounds that they had been led to believe they were part of a master CIA conspiracy. "People tend to believe that the CIA is capable of anything," he told me with a smile. "And you know what? They're right."

In another case, the most reckless of lawsuits remained on the sidelines while Scheck rushed in. The case, which had the entire city of New York reeling in shock several years ago, involved a woman named Hedda Nashbaum. Nashbaum and her psychopathic cousin, Joel Steinberg, had adopted a baby girl, Lisa, who subsequently and heinously died in their care at the age of six. Almost at once, Scheck, at her court-appointed attorney's determination that Nashbaum had been so psychologically and physically tortured by Steinberg that she herself was a victim. He convinced prosecutors to drop charges against her. Her testimony then helped send Steinberg to prison for murder. Even persuading her to do that required enormous effort on Scheck's part, but it was the final step in Nashbaum's rehabilitation toward some semblance of becoming whole again. "She was crazy like a concentration camp inmate," Scheck says.

Scheck, forty-three, often works with another lawyer, Rear Neufeld. Scheck is short and pug-nosed. Neufeld, a year younger, is tall and gregarious. They are sometimes pug-nosed with each other, particularly for the clients who arrive at their offices—usually court-appointed cases or the subjects they take on pro bono—they are always pug-nosed. Scheck got his law degree at the University of California at Berkeley. Neufeld at New York University. Both are husbands and fathers, but unlike many of their generation, they were never seduced by conventional income.

Both could be very expensive defense attorneys. They aren't, because, as Neufeld put it, "They were not obsessed with making money, and we want to use the law as a tool for social justice." As "people's lawyers," they first hooked up as a Legal Aid Society office in the South Bronx ghettos. Today Scheck is a professor at Yeshiva University's Cardozo Law School, in New York, where he runs a criminal-law clinic for students who vie to be included in his cases. Neufeld, meanwhile, is a sole practitioner who also teaches law at Fordham University.



Right now, Schick and Neufeld are unrivaled experts in a revolutionary race in the criminal-justice system—the emergence of genetic fingerprinting. This is the marching of any body fluids—such as traces of blood, saliva, or semen—found in a crime scene to the person or persons involved in a crime. When it was first announced in the mid-1980s, it was hailed as an infallible new scientific weapon, a prosecutor's dream that in one fell swoop

**Whatever else you might think about lawyers, biology and genetics are not their strong suits.**

would render able defenses moot, a quantum leap from the days of the imprecise evidence of, say, sample blood types. Trial judges in cases where the new technology was introduced as evidence were amazed in their written opinions. Genetic fingerprinting, one of them pronounced, was "incapable of giving a wrong answer."

All over the country, defense lawyers gleefully accepted the news. Why bother having trials, cross-examinations, and juries if DNA findings—the comparative testing of the genes that make us what we are—could be fed into some mysterious black box that spewed out irrefutable results concerning a particular perpetrator with a particular crime? They could they possibly respond to high-concept science not assumed to be generally accepted by the scientific community, much less understood the process of how a fragment of one's deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) makeup could be analyzed? Whatever else you might think of lawyers, molecular biology, population genetics, and advanced mathematics are not their strong suits.

Unlike these lawyers, however, Schick and Neufeld, ever scrupulous, decided to examine themselves at the new technology on the theory that what was supposed to be so helpful to the prosecution might also be of considerable aid to the defense. They remembered a time, for instance, when nuclear power was being ballyhooed everywhere as the answer to all our energy problems. They remind the history of DNA testing (which they learned was developed in England to document the family history of colonial immigrants of color who were applying for citizenship,

something the ruling powers in London did not exactly welcome). They sought out all the available literature. They attended seminars, consulted scientists in the field, and visited laboratories.

What they discovered wasn't big technology but big human—and big money. While the technology had every possibility of being a wonder—what was being claimed for it, that day was a good way off. They discovered this just about every legal jurisdiction in the nation, bottled over by the non-scientific powers of genetic fingerprinting, was up for enormous contract grabs. They also discovered that the fingerprinting part, as it now stood, was like a coin man's coin—on I mean, we, every one of us, have a knee-jerk reaction to fingerprinting. Every human fingerprint is different, right? Schick and Neufeld discovered that one of the companies going after all that prosecutorial business had even trademarked the term. They discovered, finally, that lab techniques being used left a lot to be desired.

Their chance to revolutionize the revolution came in their old haunts in the Bronx. A young pregnant woman had been stabbed to death, along with her two-year-old daughter. A bloodstain had been found on the watch of the defendant. The DNA of the bloodstain was used to match a sample taken from the dead woman. In a hearing, the director of the lab—Lifecodes—certified that the chances of a random match were one out of 13,000,000.

Before it was over, not only did six defense experts called by Schick and Neufeld blow away this testimony, but three other experts brought in by the prosecution changed their minds and agreed with them.

How could this have happened? It's the data bases, Schick and Neufeld explain. They provide a hypothesis. Say the accused is blond, blue-eyed, and light-skinned. Say also one out of ten in the general population is deemed to be blond, one out of ten blue-eyed, and one out of ten light-skinned. So the random match of someone having all three characteristics would be one out of a thousand.

But if the sampling was done, say, in Minneapolis, with its high Scandinavian population, a random match might be one out of three.

In their research, Schick and Neufeld discovered something else that was equally important. While genetic testing as yet can't promise to deliver numbers, it can definitely exclude someone. Cases now. Barry Kofler of Suffolk County on Long Island, who was twenty-three in 1981—which produced DNA analysis. Kofler was identified by a young housewife as the man who sexually raped her at knife point. A sample of the semen in her pants revealed that it had the same blood type as Kofler's. Kofler was sentenced to a long prison term. Nine years later, genetic testing showed that the semen sample could not have come from him. Still, the Suffolk County D.A.'s office fiercely fought the finding. Well, maybe a case from the victim's husband, Schick and Neufeld were told. But when they requested a test on him, the answer was no way. "Our duty is to defend the victim," an assistant D.A. said. Eventually they obtained a court order on the husband and it turned out a woman's husband isn't Alibi. It took Schick and Neufeld two more years and four more tests to get Kofler released.

A woman angrily questioned Schick. Something must be wrong. It had been an eyewitness identification. What just another pack-down of a female witness's memory? "She missed the point," Schick says. "It was a gender thing." He and Neufeld believe this eyewitness evidence is the culprit. They believe the prisons are filled with thousands of innocent men who have been incarcerated on such evidence.

P.S. Schick and Neufeld have just taken in the case of a black youth arrested at the age of nineteen was given a forty-five-year sentence in Virginia on the eyewitness testimony of the victim, an elderly white woman who was raped. DNA tests now show that he could not have been the rapist. Even state prosecutors agree. But there's another problem: There's a faulty statute in Virginia that limits the time allowed for appeals after conviction. "What to do," they told the state. "In that instance is no defense. We'll find a way."

*Steve Maas has written, for a Child's Name and Father and Son, and all in press.*

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Esquire

The war has been raging on for twenty-two years. The death toll is in the thousands—the wounded, uncountable; the missing in action, unthinkable. No one is keeping a tally. It's been hidden from America like an ugly scar across the belly of a beautiful woman.

—MONSTER KODY

# Can't Stop, Won't Stop

THE EDUCATION OF A GRIP WARLORD

By Sanyika Shakur, aka Monster Kody

I **PAUSINGLY** STRODE across the wood-laminate steps of the auditorium at the Fifty-fourth Street school under the burning stare of my mother, aunt, and Uncle Clarence. Taking my assigned place next to Joe Johnson, I felt different—darker, more "tattooed" than any of my fellow classmates. This feeling made me stand more erect, made me seem more important than any of my peers onstage—except Joe Johnson, who was "king of the school."

It's quite amusing to revisit the day of my sixth-grade graduation, June 15, 1975, over in my mind and remember exactly how proud I was and how surprised I felt when Joe Johnson had first sensed my radical departure from childhood when I was suspended a month before this day, driven home by Mr. Smotherman, the principal, and not allowed to go on the grad-class outing because I had failed a gong-ago on the school patriotism picture.

Mr. Smotherman was appalled and accused me of displaying a totally good person, not to mention that I was, he said, "starting to show signs of moral decay." Actually, half of the things Mr. Smotherman said was I didn't care because I wasn't listening, and besides, my mind had been made up.

Shakur's memoirs, *Can't Stop, Won't Stop*, will be published by Atlantic Monthly Press.

photos earlier. How I expected to get away with flaunting on a sidewalk at beyond me! But it points up my serious intent even then, at age eleven. For I was completely sold on becoming a gang member.

As our graduation activities wore on, my discontent and my antipathy at its silliness escalated. I was eager to get home to the hood and meet my moral obligation to a new set of friends who made Joe Johnson look weak. After the astoundingly yearlong ceremonies, my mom, aunt, and Uncle Clarence accompanied me with lunch at Rod's Big Boy. While mourning home I sat transfixed at the side window, looking out at the streets but not seeing anything in particular, just wishing Uncle Clarence would drive faster.

Tonight was to be my initiation, and I didn't want to miss out on any activities that would occur during my first night on duty. Bending the corner to our block at my uncle's Monte Carlo, I sunk down into the backseat to avoid being seen as my white best bud and his. Perching to make sure the coast was clear, I hopped past Mom into the house, down the hall, and into my room for a quick change.

"What's your damn problem, boy?" bellowed Mom from the hallway. "I know you don't think you going out anywhere until you have cleaned up that funky room, taken out this trash, and—"

I never heard the rest. I was out the window, swinging toward my destiny and the only thing in this life that has ever held my attention: for any serious length of time—the streets. Stopping around the block to collect my coolness, I met up with Troy Ball, who had suggested my membership and agreed to sponsor me.

"What's up, Cuz?" Troy Ball extended his very thick, manlike, veined hand.

"Ain't nothing," I responded, trying to hide my utter admiration for this cat, who was quickly becoming a Gheto Star. (A Gheto Star is a neighborhood celebrity known for gangbanging, drug dealing, or crimes.) "So what's up for tonight, on? I still on or what?"

"Yeah, you on."

As we walked to the shade in silence, I took full advantage of the stars we were getting from onlookers who couldn't seem to make the connection between me and Troy Ball, the neighborhood hoodlum. I took their stares as signs of recognition and respect. As the shack's shadow was behind Troy Ball's house, I met Hushabuck, who was dark, athletic, very physical, and an awesome fighter. He came to Cali from New York—recent inhaled. For the most part he was quiet. Leprochman, whom we called Lep, was there. I had known him previously, as he went to school with my older brother. Lep had a missing front tooth and a slight build. Ferociously loyal to Troy Ball, Lep stood to be second in command. Then there was Fly, who dressed cool and with an air of style. Light-complexioned and handsome, he was a ladies' man and not necessarily vicious, but he was gaining a reputation by the company he kept. Next was GC, which stood for Gangster God. GC was possibly the most well-off member

present, meaning he "had things." Things our parents could not afford to give us. He gangbanged in Stacy Adams shoes.

"What's your name, homieboy?" Hushabuck asked through a cloud of marijuana smoke from across the room.

"Kody, my name is Kody."

"Kody! There's already somebody named Kody from the streets."

I already knew this from hearing his name. "Look, but my real name is Kody; my mother named me that."

Everyone looked at me and I squirmed under their stares, but I held my ground. To finish now would possibly mean expulsion.

"What?" Hank said with disbelief. "Your mother named you Kody?"

"Look, no then," I replied.

"Righteous, fuck it, then we'll back you. But you gotta put work in [I put work in means a military mission] to hold it, 'cause that's a helluva name."

GC, who was dressed like a government attendant in blue khakis with a matching shirt, and I started out to steal a car. All eyes were on me tonight, but I felt no nervousness and there was no hesitation in any of my actions. This was my rite of passage to manhood, and I took each order as seriously as any African would in an initiation ritual to pass from childhood to manhood.

GC was the expert car thief among the set. He learned his technique from Marilyn, our older homiegal, who kept at least two stolen cars on hand a week. Tonight we were out to get an ordinary car, possibly a '65 Mustang or '68 Cougar that could be

hot-wired from the engine with as little as a clothes hanger attached to the alternator and then the battery.

We found a Mustang—blue and very shiny. GC wanted to get the hood up, and I kept yanking with a 3/8 ratchet. I was instructed to fire upon any lights in the house and anyone attempting to step us from getting into the car. I was quite prepared to empty six rounds into any house or at any person. Actually, I had fired a real gun only once, and that was into the air.

Under the cloak of darkness I heard GC grunt once and then lift the hood. It took him longer to lift the hood than to start the car. The engine turned once, then twice, and finally it caught and roared to life.

"It's on," GC said with as much pride as any brand-new father kicking at his newborn child for the first time. We slipped hands and jumped in. Pulling out of the driveway, I noticed a light turn on. I reached for the door handle with every intent to shoot into the house, but GC grabbed my arm and said, "Don't sweat it, we got the car now."

On the way back to the shack I pretzled my mud-dog starts at occupants of cars beside us at stoplights. I guess I wasn't too convincing because on more than a few occasions I was laughed at, and I also got a couple of smiles in return. This was definitely an act to be watched on.

At the shack we smoked pot and drank beer and greeted

Mom and Kody with a y— and Mom still demanded he clean up his room.

**The Blood made a last dash from the car to the porch. I raised my weapon and he looked back—for a split second we communicated on another level—then I laid him down.**



up for the mission—which still had not been disclosed to me. But I was confident in my ability to pull it off. I have never, ever felt as secure as I did then in the presence of those men, who were growing fonder of me, it seemed, with each successive level of darkness they searched.

"Cut, you gonna be down, watch." Lep announced as if speaking to a son in law school. He stood over me and continued, "I remember your left arm used to ride dirt bikes and skateboards, actin' crazy an' shit. Now you want to be a pig man, huh? You wanna hang with real toughasfucken and tear shit up, huh?"

His work was probing but approving.

That your bill was up. How did it go, your answer?

"Eleven, but I'll be twelve in November." Dames, I'd never thought about being too young.

I stood up in front of Lep and never saw Hud's blow to my head. Bam! And I was on all fours, struggling for equilibrium. Kicked in the stomach, I was on my back. Goaded by the collar, I was made to stand again. A solid blow to my chest. Bam! Another, then another. Blows rained on me from every direction. I felt perfect solitary with a punch. I know now that if I were down again, I'd be kicked! And from the way that last blow felt, I was almost certain that GC had kicked me with his pointed Sassy Adams.

Up to this poem not a word had been spoken. I had heard about being censored in "censored" means to be accepted through a barrage of tests, usually physical, though it can include shooting people) or jumped in, but somehow in my still childish mind I had envisioned it to be a noble gathering, paper work and arguments about any worth and ability in regard to voice. In the heat of desperation I struck out, baring my fangs in the chest and knocking him back. Then I just started swinging with no style or finesse, just anger and the intent to harm.

Of course this did little to help my situation, but it showed the others that I had a will to live. And this in turn reflected well on my ability to recognize the art in hand-to-hand combat. The blows stopped abruptly and breathing filled the air. My ear was bleeding, and my neck and face were deep red, but I was still standing. Accrually, when I think about it now, I realize that it wasn't necessarily my strength that kept me on my feet but the ways in which I was hit. Before I could see or plan, I was hit, and lifted back on

They both came in and immediately recognized what had taken place. Looking hard at me, then at the others, he said, "It's time to handle this shit. They got there."

In a flash Lap was under the couch removing weapons—*guns* I never knew were there: Two 12-gauge shotguns, both used off—one a pump-action, the other a single-shot, a .470 shotgun, also single-shot, and a .44 Magnum that had no trigger guard and broke open to load.

"Give Kody the pump." Troy Ball's voice echoed over the clanging of steel chambers opening and closing, cylinders turning, and the low hum of music in the background. "Check this out." Troy Ball spoke with the calm of a football coach. "Kody you got eight shots, you don't come back to the car unless they all are gone."

"Habeas corpus," I said, eager to show my worth.

"These fools have been hanged" out for four days now. Hing' people up [h'ing' people up] means asking where they're from—i.e. which gang are they down with. [gaggin' and darssoocin' every Chin in the world"]

I sat straight backed and hung on Thy Ball's every word.  
"Tonight we gonna rock this world"

Hand slaps were passed around the room, and then Lep spoke up. "If anybody get caught for this, rule the book, 'cause we ain't no saints here."

We piled into the Mustang, Troy Ball driving—and with our guns. Lep sat next to Troy Ball with the old, ugly .440 Black, directly behind Lep, held the 4-10 between his legs. Fly next to him, had the single-shot 12-gauge. I sat next to him with the pump, and GC was on my left with his 38. In a minute we drove Black after black, north into enemy territory.

"There they go!" Lep said, spotting a gathering of about fifteen people. "Down, they drive into no-man's-land, it's a trap!"

I looked at my enemy and remember thinking, 'Thought is the right, and I'll never use what I've killed them off.'

Driving down another block, we stopped and got out. Each checking his weapon (mine being the most complicated), we started out on foot, creeping up steadily. They fell one after the other, one by one, until we were alone. We were in the car and was to meet at halfway after we had worked over the enemy. Hanging close to buildings, houses and bushes, we made our way one after another, to within twenty feet of the blood.

Hack and I stopped from the shadows simultaneously and were never noticed until it was too late. Booms! Booms! Heavy bodies hitting the ground, confusion, yells of dismay, running, and then the second wave of gunfire. By my math that I had advanced past the first fallen bodies and into the street in pursuit of these bodies behind cars and trees.

One flood who had seemingly gotten away tried to make one last dash from the safe area of a car to, I think, a porch. I remember seeing my weapon and him looking back—for a split second it was as if we communicated on another level and I understood who he was—then I pulled the trigger and laid him down. Within one shot I'd jugged back to the initial state of contact. Knowing fully that I had experienced not to return with any rounds in my weapon, I turned and stood on the house in front of which they had originally stood. Not twenty paces later, "Boy! This spell to a nap and we all piled in, frantically armed from the doors of hell."

Back in the shade we smoked more pot and drank more beer. I was the center of attention for my acts of aggression. "Man, did you see this little motherfucker out there?" Fly said to Mack with an air of disbelief.

"Yeah, I saw him. I know he was gonna be down, I know it and am."

"Shut up, man, just shut the fuck up, 'cause he can still tell on all of us." Silence rang heavy in my ears, and I knew I had no response to Lee's reaction.

Although my life statements lowered the tension, Leg's words had a most sobering effect: "Ray Ball announced my full membership, and congratulations were given from all. I was the proudest member in my life up until that time. Ray Ball told me to step after the others had left. I smiled around and back from back."

"Check this out," Day Bell said. "You got potential, 'cause you eager to learn. Borgia ain't no part-time thing—a full-time, it's a career. It's *heist* down when ain't nobody else down with you. It's *grime* caught and not *nikkei*. Either you not *corin'*, and *djyns* without *fat*. It's love for your art and hate for the enemy. You hear what I'm sayin'?"

Trey Ball became my mentor, friend, confidant, and closest comrade. He allowed me to engage in acts of aggression that made me more man—only alarming officers.

The awareness of what I had done that morning did not dawn on me until I was alone at home that night. My heart had slowed to an unusual pace and the alcohol and pain had worn off. I saw life then with just myself and the massive flashes of light that lit up my world in several flashes in postage stamps, twisting and bending, in arcs that defied basic structure. The critical impact was on my sense of touch, the bodies of the few fallen, my first real look at bodies torn to shreds. It felt like to me they became one, all at once removed. But at I lay wide awake in my bed, it was all. I felt guilty and ashamed of myself. Upon further contemplation, I felt that they were too easy to kill. Why had they been so close? I tried away reconciled with within the realm of dreams to punish my actions. There was none. I later wrote that night.

I've never told anyone of these feelings before.

In the neighborhood, respect was forthcoming. In 1977 when I was thirteen, I raised my hand while robbing a man

I was left with just myself and the awesome flashes of light that lit up my mind to reveal bodies in grotesque shapes, twisting and bending in arcs that defied bone structure.

porting the basal work, of course, my 44 T was sitting on the corner across from the shop when I saw my mother's car. Somehow it is pulled to a stop at the light. Then I was waiting for some car and it pulled right up—like, I guess. My older brother greeted for me, so I followed them on over to the A's. No one knew I was stopped. At I took up, my old brother was standing there arguing with my brother. I hit Eric in the face and they began to fight. I immediately dismounted and rushed up on Eric's bike to get a hit in, but he was swift and struck me in the ear, knocking me backward. All the while my mother was furiously shouting for us to stop, stop the fighting. Mud nose and mouthed, I drew my weapon, pistol, and pulled the trigger. Click.

Done, I remember thinking. Only go down holes, and I didn't know where in the splinter they were! The clock stopped everything—and then everybody seemed to move at once. Five ran toward the clock stand, and my brother rushed toward me. Before I could see and fire, my brother and I were writhing over the gun.

"Give me the gun, I'll shoot her," my brother exclaimed.  
"No, let me shoot him," I shouted.

The gun was now pointing at my mother's chest. Click. My mother jumped. I was momentarily paralyzed with fright. I let go of the gun and my brother turned and fired at the child sized. Boom! The .44 sounded like a cannon. Click. Another empty chamber. (continued on page 17)

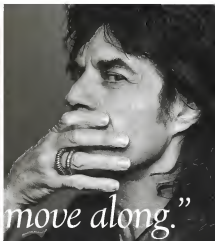
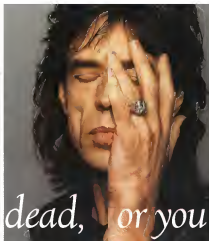
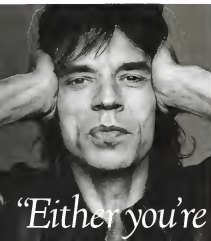


Mick Jagger

By Kurt Loder



Photograph by Hank Andersen



# "Either you're dead, or you move along."

**H**OW DARK, who runs a music-business empire in New York City, was visited in her office last December by one of the new young pop producers whose passion for vinyl collages—the weaving together of digitally sampled beats and riffs from older records into a new musical entity—has revolutionized pop music during the past decade. The producer was serious, and black, and intimated in hearing the samples that had been used in a just-completed track, "Forever Damaged," by the group PM Dawn. Carr had a copy—the war in the process of contesting the owners of the original songs to get permission to use the samples—and she put it on. The producer had an unusually acute ear. He seemed able to identify the source of every drum twick and cymbal shimmer. Only the guitar line, a vintage jangle that had been digitally looped into a repeating motif, eluded him.

"It's the Rolling Stones," Carr said finally, smiling her assessment. "Gimme that!"

"Oh," said the young producer. "Is that what they sound like?"

A few weeks later, on a clear, bright, bitterly cold January afternoon, Mick Jagger is walking down West Fifty-fifth Street in Manhattan, his trim, very French bundled in an overcoat, a

scarf wrapped high around his neck as celebrity camouflage. He ducks into Le Bernardin, a muted and elegant French seafood restaurant, and is immediately greeted by the owner, who's been expecting him. Jagger darts the coat and scarf and steps lightly as a leather-colored cardigan he's wearing over a quietly violet shirt. Le Bernardin is busy of course just now, but waiters stand like sentinels until the tables in the soft, hushed glow of late afternoon, awaiting the start of the dinner hour and the first trickle of patrons.

Jagger smiles at the scene and rubs his hands together briskly, erasing the warmth. He's upping the better part of the day up the stairs in an office at Atlantic Records, doing long-distance telephone interviews with pop writers in places like Toronto. Atlantic is the label with which he has his latest solo recording deal, and it's his third solo album—a roundly released record called *Wandering Spirit*—that he's promoting. It being a Sunday, there was no last in the Atlantic offices, and the coffee was abominable, so he's decided to decamp to Le Bernardin, where—as in many another sonic bazaar in the world's major cities—he's known and accommodated.

It seems likely that egg, may be an awkward year for Jagger, at least in terms of explaining himself. It was exactly thirty years ago that a commercial artist and part-time drummer

named Charlie Watts agreed to trade his day job and sound out the lineup of a London beat group called the Rolling Stones. And some summer, on July 26, Jagger himself will turn fifty—a milestone closely passed by Watts, who's fifty-one, and the recently retired bass player, Bill Wyman, who's fifty-two, and soon to be joined by Keith Richards, who's fifty-three. The Stones's kindly incorrigible guitarist, who (as double entendre to the consternation of waiting waitresses and other temperate types) will be fifty in December. The Rolling Stones—as was pointed out last January's inaugural *Rolling*—are now older than the President. What could this signify?

"I don't really know," Jagger says with a sigh. We are ensconced at a black lacquered table in the jewel-box private dining room upstairs at Le Bernardin. A silver tray of hand-made chocolate and a gleaming silver coffee service have been slid between us. Made odes cream and sugar. He seems almost to vibrate with health and energy, even the tanned flesh of his face appears less deeply chiseled than it did toward the end of the last Stones tour. There is, I note with some suspicion, not a single strand of gray in his hair.

"I don't really see a lot of sense by these announcements," he says. "Rolling Stone magazine seems to have done all the time, but the Rolling Stones never celebrated their fiftieth or

twenty-fifth or twenty-fifth year in show business." He seems at the whims of it.

"When I went to see John Lee Hooker for the first time—when I was, like, seventeen—I thought, 'Wow, he's so old. He'll never be able to carry on much longer.' And he must have been about thirty-eight then. And he's still here!" Jagger contemplates the tray of chocolates but doesn't indulge.

"Either you're dead," he says, "or you move along."

**T**HIS WAS CRASHING WHEN the cat in rock is still and now. Great performers, rather dead (Buddy Holly, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, Elvis Presley) or graduated to more audacious gigs (Jerry Lee Lewis), to religion and commercial irrelevance (Little Richard), or to jail and an alibi of oblique shows (Chuck Berry). The other celebrated bands of the '60s—the Beatles, the Yardbirds, Sly and the Family Stone—all crumbled off long ago. Only the Rolling Stones have continued to play rock 'n' roll music as a here-and-now proposition, unimpaired by the bonanzas of nostalgia.

But how long can this go on? Mick Jagger now does interviews with reporters who might well be the children of the press hounds he encountered on the Stones's first visit to



the United States in 1984. And while his songwriting partners, Keith Richards—weak drink in hand and Marlon Brando passionately passed to his lip—continue to exhale whole clouds of rock 'n' roll coolishness, the Stones's four-on-the-floor music no longer sets the standard for a new generation of Irish rockers: instead of heavy grunge rock and hard hip-hop polyrhythms. True, the Stones were able to write a reported six million out of Virgin Records, the latest label to which they've been signed, and in the process of the band's world away from its last world tour, multimillions of dollars richer.

But the Virgin deal may be an example of corporate nostalgia. Many of the people who still flock to Rolling Stones concerts are longtime fans past the age of buying new records. Young record buyers, like their parents before them, were took new men. And thanks to Jude Jagger, his twenty-one-year-old daughter, who gave birth to her first child in London last year, Mick Jagger is now—somewhat unbecomingly—a grandfather. How must he feel about this fact?

"I suppose you should be pleased," he says, not shrugging or glumly.

**V**ERNON REID certainly figures Jagger has reason to grin. A ferocious guitarist and the founder of the black rock band Living Colour, Reid was unseated and scrambling when Jagger stepped by CDGB, the gloriously gritty punk club on New York's Bowery, to catch a Living Colour set one night some years back. He liked what he heard, heard Reid to play on his icy solo album, *Premiere Conf.* and then volunteered to take Living Colour into a studio and produce a demo tape for the group's tape that soon helped the band get a record deal.

"He was a really good producer," Reid recalls. "He'd say, 'The snare sound's not right,' and he'd go into the studio and hit the drums himself, move the mikes here, make three—and the drums sound actually got better. This guy's recording career has gone from two mikes hanging up in a room to forty-eight-track digital, so he's very aware."

While the Rolling Stones have always drawn creative juice from black music (Jagger, like's reggae), and even crossed over to the black Top Forty charts with such early hits as "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" and "Gimme Shelter," their music—with its unimpeachable echoes of older forms long out of fashion among contemporary black listeners—has always attracted far more white fans than it has blacks. Doug Wimbish, a leader of prodigious talent who's played and collaborated with Jagger on and off for nearly a decade, and who recently joined Living Colour, recalls growing up black in the '60s and early '70s "on the camp of a whole other color-line black folkie saying thinking time, and I was a young man and getting into this line that, 'I'd never hear a Stones record but I always dug their attitude. And I have a lot of respect for Mick as a musician. He's such a great songwriter. His lyric content, subject matter, the spacing of the words—it's fuckin' great.'"

Black rappers are not plundering old Stones riffs quite yet, but the day may come. The band's chart-topping 1991 pop hit, "Miss You," was also a Top Forty hit on the black charts and, according to Reid, "was a staple in black clubs. The deejays were completely with it. It's a pity, 'Miss You' was the Stones's real in Southern. And 'Shattered' was their real to punk, you know? That's the thing that's always been smart about the Stones—that they somehow or other would make rock in different directions but never completely

by giving their fundamental masses of being as left hand."

Jagger, however, has always been restless. At the end of the '60s he began to pursue an acting career, playing the title role in the Australian border town *Ned Kelly* and then starring in the intimate 1976 Nicolas Roeg film *Premonition*. Neither movie made him a hot property as an actor, and it wasn't until last year that he appeared in another film, the fast-fingered sci-fi flick *Project X*. Now, as the Rolling Stones prepare to start work on a new album with a new bassist yet to be scouted out and, inevitably, a long would tour to follow, he's finding cages in again.

"It's very hard for me to go into movies," Jagger says, sipping at his coffee. "If I get offered a part in a movie tomorrow for October, how can I take it? It's a big problem. I can't say, 'Wait two years.' You can't do that. I do get offered things, and quite often I get offered really good things, and I can't do them. I find it very frustrating."

Vernon Reid recalls paying a visit to Jagger at his New York moviehouse some years back. They talked about music and about what Jagger was trying to accomplish with the solo career he launched in 1984. At one point, Reid mentioned, Jagger said to him, "Imagine being in a band for twenty years. Imagine being with Living Colour for twenty years."

**S**URE, THE REWARDS HAVE NOT BEEN CHILLY for a gym teacher's son from the middle-class London suburb of Dartford. He's certainly prospered far more than he might have had he followed some early career inclinations.

"When I was about twelve or thirteen," Jagger says, "I was thinking of becoming a journalist—I know, terrible, isn't it? Then I saw what you had to do—five years of wadding and football matches. The local press. Then I was imagining that I was gonna be in some form of government, because I was interested in macroeconomics—how governments influenced the economy."

That later interest eventually led him to study at the London School of Economics. But at the same time, he was hooked on American rock 'n' roll and the older blues and country styles that fed into it—Muddy Waters, Johnny Cash, George Jones. His parents had no love for this undisciplined life. "They hated it," he says. "But I didn't think they ever thought that I would take it up as a career. Because pop singers in those days were like Frankie Avalon and Pat Boone and Fabian, and they knew I didn't want to be like that. Plus, it wasn't really a career. It was like a one-hit thing."

A large part of the power of rock 'n' roll in those current postwar years was the fact that it was—in England, anyway—totally alien. "It was a minority thing," Jagger recalls, "and like all minority things, it had to be different in all times. People wondered if it was actually viable, or whether it was just gonna be a phase, like the cha-cha. They thought that rock 'n' roll was another one of those dance phases that come and go. So there was a kind of crusade mentality."

The crusade succeeded, of course, but to the point that the industry became bloated and self-conscious and overly self-indulgent. Still, the money kept pouring in. By now, as Jagger himself makes, rock is "just one of a genre of popular music." The feeling of governmental unity inspired by '60s rock is long dissipated, and in its place there appears a thicket patch of subculture: dance rock, thrash rock, techno rock, industrial rock, alternative rock. This is unspeakable terrain for a band that once seemed to embody the essence of rock 'n' roll, both at once and as a way of life.

"It's hard to have a nine-to-five job as an opium addict;

but if all you've got to do is toss off a chapter of a novel

every month, you could find that the life style suits you."

Jagger's life, in particular, would appear to bear little resemblance to that of the pomp-patched fix in the moon. He's met the queen, for one—"very small," he says. And apart from the New York townhouse, where he resides with Jerry Hall, the blond Texas model and mother of three of his children (Elizabeth, eight, James, seven, and Georgia, who's one year old), Jagger also owns a mansion on the Caribbean island of Montserrat and a chateau in the Loire Valley.

The children, says Doug Winbush, is "a really wicked fuckin' place. I mean, it's so big, they have ponies, you know?" He describes it as resembling an old manorway, with a huge garden and a little stream in the back, awash with white geese. "Behind that are some bushes," says Winbush, "and down there are these gypsies who are camped off. Every now and then one of the geese would go missing, and Mick was like, 'The fuckin' gypsies got my geese. I know they're outta' 'em.'"

"Mick keeps himself together," Winbush adds. "He'll be up in the morning, he works out—he looks great, just one thing. Don't be the motherfucker have a love. God forbid. One or two beers and he's doin' it, the bastards says with an affectionate cackle. 'I've never seen anything like it.'"

Jagger's home on Montserrat, a tiny island in the Grenadine chain, is equally sequestered. Developed in the 1950s by socialist Celia Tarrant as a playground for her royal cronies, the tight little enclave of British penthouse mansions Jagger's fancy as a ludicrous. Things can get a bit wild on Montserrat—parties at David Bowie's house and late nights at Rod's Beach Bar—but for all the European business schmoozing made on MasterCard beach and millionaires with gay executives showing up at parties in dresses, the place is usually very quiet, with the feel of a private island where neighbors lend one another children's videos. And that's what Jagger says he likes about it.

For all the threadbare anecdote about Jagger that's flogged in Angela Rowe's recent book, and for all the occasional note about his rumored fling with a certain Italian model, Jagger's life today sounds more dignified than disolute. Along with the three children he has with Jerry Hall, there's also Jade, his daughter by ex-wife Bianca Jagger, and Kora, his twenty-two-year-old daughter by singer Martha Chase.

"It's very time-consuming," he says of his scattered brood. "They all have their secrets and their needs."

The older daughters apparently have well-seasoned sensibilities by now, having inevitably run across some of the more flamboyant aspects of their father's famously held life in rock 'n' roll. "They're kind of shocked by a sometimes," Jagger says, "when they had our some new jet, and they can't believe you did that."

Kora, for example, worked on the editing of a Rolling Stones concert documentary called 30/30, during the course of which she got to visit that erstwhile Coldwater Blues singer Robert Ford's sunny second childhood of the Stones on the road in their "yo beyday. Apart from a much-discussed nude groupie aboard an airplane, there's also an embarrassing sequence in which Frank's camera pans from one room—where Jagger and Atlantic Records chief Ahmet Ertegun appear to be talking business—through a doorway into another room in which Keith Richards and an unidentified woman are seen to be showing up and nodding out, ultimately ending up

"Lying on the floor," Jagger chuckles. "Mean. There's not a lot of secrets."

"We weren't the only generation to have drugs, though," he says. "Drugs have been around a long time. And I think people will take a reasonable amount of drugs. But in the '50s,

hard drugs, such as cocaine and morphine, were only taken by an elite group. See, rich people have a better shot at being able to take drugs and succeed, because they've got all kinds of safety nets around them. And even though, 'Well, we can take drugs because we're artists.' And I have some sympathy for that view, because artists don't have nice-to-have jobs. It's hard to have a nice-to-have job as an open artist, but if all you've got to do is you old a chapter of a remarkable novel every month, you might find that that lifestyle could suit you."

**O**N THE PRINCIPLE OF FIFTH, Mick Jagger has outdone some legendary wild times, and he's still up for parties, he says—mostly when he's in New York, and only "when I don't have to get up too early" the following day. There's a lovely, worldlike air to this subject on the new album. "I can still paint the town / All the colors of your evening gown / When the morning / For your blood has to run gray."

On another of the album's tracks, Jagger sings, "Hanging on to me tonight / While there's youth upon your face," as always, both on his own and writing for the Stones, he's addressing not some idealized teenage-market demographic but the constituency of his own concerns. The accumulation of years is a simple fact, hardly worth discussion. In fact, the idea of becoming obsessed with age is something, he says, "I'm always a bit worried about, 'cause it always makes you act a lot more sure by it than you should really be bothered with."

"I mean, as long as you can deliver the goods, I think—compose and sing and make the record and perform. I never seem to tire of writing and performing. I love putting on those big shows. Contrary to what people say, I'm not interested in the business side of it—only as an adjunct to getting the show up. To get it up there—in me, that's a business obsession."

Big shows notwithstanding, Jagger must blame a path where no act has successfully ventured before—making credible, mature rock 'n' roll music that can stand without embarrassment alongside the triumphs of his youth.

Can he pull this trick off? The answer is delivered emphatically—and rather surprisingly to some of the younger rock kids in attendance—in a relaxed party for *Winning Spirit*, held two weeks later at a posh and swanky downtown club called Webster Hall. Backed by the heavily rehearsed studio band that played on the record, Jagger hits the stage in full, foot-flailing locomotion, his previous instantly commanding the attention of the 1,200 or so onlookers spread out before him. His understated voice, artfully deployed, slides through the instrumental war like a hand saw. He turns into a duzin' singer from the new album [and Stones anticipate such as "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing at the Shadow-Box?"]. Even the whysay-marijuana-on-tray-says-with-appraisal. This is no child's act. Jagger is still the real deal.

So he can cut it, and then some. But is his music still cool? Version Real looks at the recent rise of such guitar bands as the Black Crowes and the J. Geils Band and figures "it's really clear that that rhythm is not gonna die in popular music. I think the fact that the Stones are still together is one of the amazing twentieth-century stories. Wouldn't it be crazy if they stayed together through the year 2000? It's not that far away."

"Seven years," Real continues, perhaps contemplating his own approaching fortieth "thirty."

Jagger is plainly ready to go for the millennium, though—he's got mid-nineties not too far past it. "I mean, I don't really want to perform in clubs or a hall," he says, then pauses to contemplate the possibility. "So..."



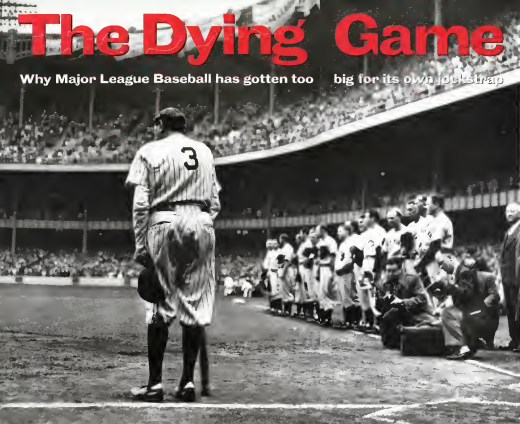
AS LONG AS THE ENJOYMENT OF  
OSTERS IS NOT RESTRICTED TO THE  
DINING ROOM TABLE...

There will always be a  
**CHIVAS REGAL.**



# The Dying Game

Why Major League Baseball has gotten too big for its own backstrap



**T**HE CENTER OF BASEBALL is this: It has so far survived the swine who own it, the dogs who manage it, the thugs who play it, and, seemingly, the Lost Boys of Literature who have tried to live it to death. But when springs break in the Baseball Century is ending. The fans are below the surface on the ball season, the gloves not. Baseball has become just another enterprise zone of the American soul.

Time out. Are you actually buying this heavy breathing? Sure you are. You'll listen to anything about baseball because you think it's really about Dad, your dad, and here: You don't even care if it's true. What other sport could you whining off on like that? Football is war for wide bodies and basketball is hip-hop for stretch bodies and hockey fans can't read.

But baseball is, ah... the Farmer. Our grandfathers believed the vintage writer Zane Grey: "All boys love baseball. If they don't, they're not real boys." Our fathers didn't think it a reach when Hemingway's Old Man thought of the painful bone spur in DiMaggio's heel as he batted the Big Fish. We wept when poet Donald Hall called baseball "fathers playing catch with sons." And we all got it. No issues, no crybabies, no girls allowed in this tree house—the last outpost of white Christian masculinity.

So when did the game begin to die? Your answer tells us all we need to know about you.

Was it when the Rosier League was founded in a Manhattan French restaurant or when Rosier grabbed her crotch and squeal?

When the owner of the Boston Red Sox sold Babe Ruth to the Yankees, changing the game from chess to capon bombing, or when Cecil Fielder had to go to Japan in order to come back fatter and better?

When Curt Flood said, "I do not feel that I am a piece of property to be bought and sold irrespective of my wishes" yet still lost his free-agency case or when Ted and Jane did the Timberlake Chopin on Georgia ground followed by General Sherman's cordy?

When the Dodgers and the Giants moved to California or when the average Major League salary hit \$1 million?

*The fate of the franchise: Which stadium in 1994 will have sold another season's supply of the planet?*

ONE  
MAN'S  
RADICAL VIEW  
By Robert  
Lipsyte







# The <sup>VIB</sup> FURRY FEET of SONNY MEHTA

Explaining nothing and leaving few traces as he pads shoeless along Knopf's tweedy hallways, publishing's most important executive seems to make almost everyone nervous. An elliptical encounter by James L. Connolly

Before meeting the man, of Knopf's  
senior execs (left) Editor, Seth Green  
and Jane Friedman, publisher, David Permut.  
Mehra, always present but never noticed,  
is back of Knopf's Lovers Lane (right) from  
an obscure 1960s edition, never that thick  
and always from Permut's leg.



**I**N A TYPICAL SATURDAY, Sonny Mehta will rise early, breakfast on a handful of pistachio nuts, and begin to read.

He will read all morning, reclined on a sofa in the living room of his book-lined Manhattan apartment, getting up only to change CDs, of which he has hundreds, preferring classical music—usually Beethoven or Mozart or something more ecclesiastical, such as Biber. He will read all afternoon, munching on pistachios, not moving a muscle, as he regards all forms of exercise as a waste of time, with the exception of televised cricket, which is unavailable in New York even on cable.

He will read without interruption until 4:00, when he will pause to put on some reggae and return a few calls, though he is infamous for never doing so. He will drink Scotch-Famous Grouse—starting at whatever hour suits him, and smoke—Sile, Cigs—continually, the more suggestive that he quit caring a pull over his handsome face. He will dine with friends, usually writers, who consider him a wonderful listener and lover; at small talk for he has a habit of leaping into silence, the lulls lasting anywhere from a few minutes to several hours depending on his mood. On Sunday he will do exactly the same thing, because it's his idea of a good time.

It is difficult to understand how such a towering figure could become the object of such fascination. Yet for a full six years now, Sonny Mehta has enjoyed a symphony of his small magazine. From the moment he was chosen to succeed Robert Gottlieb as head of Alfred A. Knopf, the country's most prestigious publishing house, after it was announced that Gottlieb would be applying his editorial genius to the flailing *New Yorker* (now in the hands of Tina Brown), the regular hunchback crowd of authors, editors, and agents who compose the so-called literary have been obsessed with the man whom they regard as a stranger among them. "Sonny is a very guarded personality," observes literary agent Lynn Bierlin. "Too many people in publishing spend too much time trying to figure him out. They want to know all his secrets."

An Indian from New Delhi via London, with a biting wit and impeccable manners, Mehta displayed from the first kind of elusive, unconfessional charm that makes Americans nervous. He said little and seemed to imply a great deal.

*Mehta plays Sonny from on his book (sonny apartment) has an uncanny ability to find the public's appetite for the black arts of life.*

He had a knack for making even seasoned editors feel like American tourists, as if reminding them of all those times abroad when they were asked into buying something they didn't really want and were embarrassed to discover, upon their return, for sale at the local mall, and for considerably less.

In an industry peopled by rumples, bespectacled English majors, Mehta was conspicuously well dressed. His black jacket and jeans were pressed, his suits custom-made in London. People suspected him of being, banish the thought, dicky. "Because he wasn't brashly obvious, he was baroque," says Knopf editor Gary Fisker, an old friend whom Mehta hired away from Atlantic Monthly Press. "People became convinced that a MacLarenian member was being played on them."

Right from the start Mehta was seen as a godsend creature, his success evidence that the once-great back trade was filling prey to pluckiness. A marketer who took a legendary ability to sell millions of copies of anything from J.K. Rowling to Germaine Greer, he seemed to personify the new spirit of commercialism that was sweeping the industry. For many in the old school, who were determinedly naive about such things as sales and book muckers, Mehta was a new breed of businessman, one who was able to sell as well as to buy. To them Mehta might as well have been the devil himself, complete with paunchy little black beard. *New York* magazine lauded as much in an early profile, which ended with an ominous quote from Christopher MacLaren, publisher of Collins Harvill, warning that Mehta moved "on very funny feet." All that was missing was the horns.

Mehta's modest agenda at Knopf did nothing to diminish people's fears. He took to prowling the corridors in his well-worn, light, appearing unannounced in their offices, something that struck his new staff as more creepy than collegial. He ignored hallway greetings, disregarded important calls, and was reserved to the point of rudeness, waving people out of his office after an hour-long meeting without having uttered a single word.

"I have seen grown people start to quiver trying to fill in the gaps," recalls Knopf executive Jane Friedman. "It can create bad feelings."

Mehta was strangely circumspect about his schedule, reportedly disappearing for hours during the day. He was seen purring into the night with some of the New York literary scene's more infamous bad boys. He reportedly ate lunch, could drink all night without becoming drunk, and seemed to revel in his companions' loss of control. The morning after would find him at his desk before eight, his manner uncharacteristic, greeting his fellow editors as though for the first time. He was untraceable, unreachable, and unpredictable, occasionally losing his temper over a minor misarrangement or inconvenience.

After only a few months at Knopf, Mehta came to be regarded as a dark, mysterious and slightly menacing presence. Perfection was already a professional brand at Random House, Inc., a \$1-billion global enterprise that is part of the privately owned Newsweek media empire and that was being dogged rather profitably into the new post-conscious





asa. Within Random House's domain of divisions—chief among them being Knopf, Pantheon, Vintage, Villard, Crown, Ballantine, Bantam, and the house imprint known as Little Random—there had already been a series of high-level coups, and several distinguished heads had rolled to testify corporate propensities.

With Knopf accounting for something like one-fifth of the total output of Random House's annual revenue, any change there took on a special significance. Melita was by no means the only editor in publishing who believed in the wisdom of meddling and promotion, but he was bringing that alien presence to Knopf at a particularly edgy time. For many Melita became the focus of their growing anxiety about the future of quality book publishing; he was the source of such internal strife and external speculation that it became an almost foregone conclusion that B. E. Northeast Jr. would have to replace him.

But beginning with his first acquisition, a literary novel called *Out Line*, Katherine Tegen's tale of a family of traveling circus freaks, to his controversial decision to publish first Eastern Eliot's blood-soaked *American Psycho*, a hard-core account of a yuppie's sexual follies, to his phenomenal packaging of Jonathan Hill's twisted romance, *Dance*, which sold more than a million copies worldwide, Melita proved to be a brilliant and highly profitable publisher, if one with a devoted bent for the black side of life. He demonstrated an uncanny ability to predict what fresh breeze the contemporary windmill would wave on next, allowing him to create a colorful following for each new author at Scott Brinkfield, James Ellroy, and Andrew Vachas. Melita has confounded his critics by having equal success with class and commercial fiction, leading large numbers for authors as varied as Graham Swift and Anne Rice, and he has even passed his own harem, the highbrow thriller. Last fall he took Donna Tartt's *The Secret History*, a first-hand page-turner mystery that quines Greek aphorisms, the way John Updike drops names, and turned it into a literary bombshell long before it became a best seller.

Naturally, Melita's peers remain as suspicious of his success as they are of him personally. When Scott May's first started making the rounds, industry insiders suspected that Melita was up to his old tricks again, turning another author into a media sensation. His detractors demand that, Tare, and company at so much calculated turbulence and argue that Melita is diminishing the once-great reputation of Alfred A. Knopf by leading in popular fiction that has only a passing literary hue. They point to the undisciplined spin presented to Oprah Winfrey for her all-but-lost and Sally Kohn's book onopsis *Calling Melita* "a slightly sad Indian."

Roger Straus of the rival Pantheon, Simon & Schuster says, "I think he's done an excellent job, but it's not the Alfred Knopf it used to be."

Melita, for his part, has done nothing to reassure anyone. "He uses silence as a weapon," comments a Knopf editor.

who claims Melita is a master game player and that most of the myths about him originate in his own long nose.

"He's a volcano that doesn't smoke," notes William Miller, co-CEO of Howard Karminey, "but watch out."

"He's like a lizard," offers Spalding Gray, whose book *Swimming to Cambodia* was published by Melita in England. "Very self-conscious, cool, and contemplative. He listens and says nothing."

"One's white people say that the darkest things," says David McDonald, a close associate, looking into a glass of white wine. The occasion is a Knopf book party for science writer James Gleick, and twenty types have gathered at the Hayden Planetarium, borrowed for this evening's use. An association editor of Pantheon and one of the few prominent book publishers in the singularly homogeneous book business, McDonald knows something about what it is like to be an outsider in the most close of industries and about the means implicit in so many of the rumors and relations dogs attributed to



Melita. "Just remember," McDonald says, nodding toward Knopf's controversial publisher, who stands a few feet away, framed by the merry night sky of the planetarium. "There is the romance of Sonny and the reality of Melita, and those two narratives go in different directions."

IT IS A CHILL WINTER'S MORNING, and the overcast sky is so dark it could be dark. Melita's current office—his cluttered temporary quarters while Knopf's actual home on the twentieth and twenty-first floors is being refurbished—is dimly lit, and despite the unimpressive banks of windows, the room is depressingly gloomy. The air is so dank it could be the bar of a cosmopolitan. A white shirt the size of a dog dish cascades the charred remains of a half dozen cigarette butts. A pair of brown leather loafers under the chair testifies to the relative poverty of his owner.

"I hope you don't want smoke, because I'm going so," says Melita, snuffing the room so quietly as to make a reporter, and not bothering to wait for a reply as he reaches for a wicker chair gold lighter and a fresh pipe.

Melita lets it be known that he teaches literature, in-

stead to try to be as polite as possible, and it will be objectly miserable until the silken time is up. This match he commences with a single look of such elegant disdain that any words would have been redundant. Then he rises, pads across the room to blue-wooded fire, and returns with a bottle of Scotch, another of Boses, and a tooth glass, and prepares to fortify himself with a perfunctory drink.

"Just," he says, in a voice that could best be described as distant, rather than loud and would in all probability be inaudible to the assistant seated in the office across the hall, "it's not to order more liquor—Scotch, bourbon—and find out whatever this hell it is that Gary drinks and order some of that." The phone rings and Melita picks it up. "See... this is answering the telephone," he says, the carefully modulated tone of someone dreading at all the media accounts of his reported alcoholism.

Up close, Alvin Singh Melita is a man of carefully constructed mystery with wary, appearing eyes. The hair is jet



Melita's man (Richard Jones Jr. left) Puffing with him, clapping with James Knopf, enjoying with S. Neuberger, and clapping with Richard Jones.

black, the beard only beginning to gray. He manages to look indecently dignified in jet pants and a polo shirt. Something in his soft, slightly mocking manner suggests that he is neither so cerebral as he pretends nor so calculating as so many imply. There is something very compelling about him; says Richard Byrne, who is director of the National Theater in London and one of Melita's closest friends. "Dark waven, hidden depths, and all that. But he's much simpler than people give him credit for. It's why people so consistently misjudge him."

UNTIL POINT MELITA ARRIVED, Knopf was one of those sufficiently closed-shop companies that flatter themselves with the notion that they are more of a family than a profit-making entity. People came to Knopf and stayed for life, and many of its current employees can still recall moving into their new offices at 10 East Fifth Street when the building opened for business in 1969. Unlike most of its rivals, with the exception of Pantheon, Knopf had enjoyed some decades of uninterrupted harmony under only two administrations—that of its founder, Alfred, and his son, and their successor, Bob Gottlieb, who, as everyone knows, was like a son to them.

Since then is a narrow thing, and one person's idea of excellence is another's exercise in futility, leaving the bookman's room in friendly hands for so long, however an unusually ranked sense of purpose among its eighty-plus employees. Knopf, anyone would tell you, was never about quality books, where sales were never the sole motivation and best sales were always the happy result of glowing reviews. With its members Melita found writers and established his own office from their marriage to Michael Crutcher, Knopf was the first choice of most fiction writers. Under Gottlieb, it was such a prominent, reliably profitable house that it never even occurred to anyone to worry when it was bought by Random House in 1970. It was unthinkable that Melita and Alfred's trust had been over all Knopf had become a casualty of the consolidation and changing consumer trends that had reduced other houses to black-oiler-punching operations.

When Gottlieb announced he was leaving, his staff was understandably upset. They were shocked not only by his abrupt change of heart but by his decision to choose a stranger who was from, of all places, a paperback house. Gottlieb says Melita was the only name he gave to Northeast. "First of all," Gottlieb says, "Sonny is a passionate reader who really loves books, second, he enjoys the business of selling books, third, he has a very strong temperament, he's a personage in his own right. Alfred certainly was that, I was considered that, and I couldn't bring out Knopf someone who didn't have a very individual style."

One thing Melita has never lacked is style. He had developed his glamorous side even as early as his college days at Cambridge University in the 1950s. There he had hooked up with the beautiful and aristocratic Gita Tarnak, the daughter of a prominent Indian politician. Gita, who soon became his wife, was every bit as eccentric and charismatic as Melita and can quote a figure on campus, dressed in her daily routine of head-to-toe black and making a casual remark (she would later write a wonderful novel, *Karnak*, parodying the ethnically Orientalized life affects many Westerners). "There was more than one jet set at Cambridge," recalled German Goss as an anecdote about her Cambridge classmates in *Time* magazine. "And Sonny and Gita... attracted the most interesting—the only interesting—members of each contingent and drew them into their circle."

On the literary front Melita had already cultivated a polyglot stability, taking a love of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Keats—indeed one can damn his colorful boarding-school days—with an addiction to American fiction that dated from the moment he bought his first copy of *Carver* in the Bay Area. A New Davis sidekick under President the curious postmodernist intellectual pose by decade, the undergraduate Melita was impatient with literary snobbery, grooving on the cultural significance of music and movies, and impressing his classmates by always [continued on page 140]







"These hair-trigger pistols  
once saved the owner of The Glenlivet  
from a band of cutthroats."

— Sandy Milne,  
our Resident Sage



Sandy Milne, looking for his hair-trigger pistols

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whiskey, from one single distillery. Not like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskeys. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whiskey should therefore be compared to a Chateau-la-Petite wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The men, a brutish lot, were clearly into on-duty doings. The scene was the desolate inn at Givoli Bridge, in the Highlands. George Smith, maker of The Glenlivet, single malt Scotch, was on his way home from a sale of his much-prized whiskey. His money belt, stuffed with gold sovereigns,

Also at George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the laird of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the pain line. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

"If that pistol had misfired," says our Sandy Milne, "there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate."



The Glenlivet.  
The Father of All Scotch.

FICTION by STEVE ERICKSON

The pursuit of happiness can be as ruthless as any other, as Thomas Jefferson discovered on an autumn night in Paris...

Illustrations by Rob Day

# THE VIOLATION OF SALLY HEMINGS

**On an April night almost midpoint in the eighteenth century, in the county of Orange and the colony of Virginia, Jacob Patiroot tasted his death a moment before swallowing it.**

He had, then, a moment to spit it out and save himself. This moment was lost not because he was slow-witted but because he'd become a monster of appetites, he had not been a life of spring things out. The case was even, shyly, because the it caused a before, in some lack of campaign of his youth or some night with one of his black women. But he had only the same now to look up from the arrow that was his dinner, gaze at the barrel around him, and see through the years of the police his slave Bredya standing in the doorway of the kitchen.

## THE VIOLATION OF SALLY HEMINGS

He raised his hands to his chest. The pain began almost immediately in the pit of his stomach, widened in a circle to his hands below and his brain above. He pushed away from the table and lurched across the room. Esther watched without give or concern. "Jesus, you've killed me," Jack wailed, crashing into a wall of debris. For a moment he lay shuddering on the floor. Jesus would have any his hellfire sins were the likeness of a Mock life burning out of every orifice.

Isley walked up to the body. She stood over a long enough that she might have been contemplating giving it a good kick. She walked up to the face of the other slave in the washroom, who were staring at her in confusion now, she knew simply as Jacky Pullman's dead and in her cage.

[illegible][illegible]

Thirty-four years later, down the hall from Thomas's boyhood room, as the smoke of revolution settled over the countryside, a nine-

year-old slave got called fully-ased to another room watching her mother's last hours. Along with fully-were her mother's brother and most of the other house slaves. To bid a dying young woman good-bye and put on consciousness: gripping her husband's hand. The heavy blue curtains were closed to the sun: the dank smell of child birth and the woman's dying mixed with the fragrances of blue and musk that a bedchamber slave busily worked through the room.

and Sally thought she'd gag. There it finally was: a hint of her beloved's new lewdness. "Piss," he whispored, as low Sally could hardly hear him, "no more perfume." It was the only thing anyone he said in hours, and the women looked around to his silent word.

In fact, the members of the house had been made and in prison health as they fully could remember, and had lost on the journey the gift of living for some time. The smell of pineapples and bread was still in the air. The women were from the bank of the river, third daughter. Throughout the more women, within had come to the house. From across, Magnus said to offer her wishes to the women but to put them in the departed case, since none travels. Magnus then, he had already died. All women Thomas travel the half of the house is a woman. Ratched fell with the arrow of the love and the death of a man. He had nearly come to this place when each died because anticipation, as a consequence of which each sorrow becomes guilt. The land presently is here, he so both ready to pull her back to the way walked into the afternoon and in a way her face, neither in the measurement, but she

[illegible]

After standing at the deathbed of the mother on this September afternoon, the watching slaves were as much distressed by the uncertainty of the moment as by the grief. When the sun finally fell and the blue curtains were pulled aside from the window, the mother sank from her superhuman state. "Yes," she said calmly, "I want to see my children goodbye."

[illegible]

"Tell me please, Tom," she begged, "that our little girls won't be  
scared when we return, mother."

"But how can they have another mother?" Thomas asks blurrily confused. "They have only one mother."

"Then you want many another," Sally heard the man say.  
 "They'll be one lady gone forever. I'll be your wife forever as you my husband."

Jalie heard him say "Yes."

She died an hour later, not long after someone in the crowd told Thomas that his wife was dead. All the summer's goodbyes Thomas had squeezed into his wife's last hours were forgotten. He rose slowly as the life left her and as he so often did, he turned away from the light toward the candle on his table. No good-bye, no yes, only no, only horror and incredulity: and then, he realized like nothing else of the slaves had ever before, it was no more. He was not even there, and he was not even there, and he was not even there.

[illegible]

For another summer Thomas grieved, remote and cellbate, unresponsive to the women Virginia who flirted for his attention. So

of these women were single, some already married, others widowed by revolution and disease. In his dry and various manner he took his company and considered their several efforts, among which he distinguished some longed-for. For the race, part in common, himself. For weeks, sometimes months, the postfading part left his eyes that had known as a child returned in bold but failed to recall. The slaves could hear his mother in the distant library, as Betty sometimes glimpsed her mother applying cold eggs to her face. Finally the headstitches would weave from the back porch and washed. Those red off alone in the afternoon, the world built only darkness, darkness his only residence.

Thomas and Sally left still another summer to leave behind a job and not know a neighbor. He made plans to go with his daughter, Peggy Fox Evans, teaching passage on a ship and travel all over bertha so they'd stay close. He decided to take with him his brother James as his personal valet and servant. On the afternoon departure, all the slaves of the household as well as the field had followed the carriage—drawn by James and carrying Thomas and Sally—down the road, waving goodbye. Sally's mother was the last to leave, watching the road until long after the carriage was out of sight.

He awoke almost two years to the day after the death of Thomas with Victor Le Havre, Thomas and Patsy and James crowded by French village of Rouen. There they stayed in an inn overlooking the town square. In the middle of the night Thomas woke to a dreadful smell that tumbled his stomach. Thinking he was going to be sick, he jumped from his bed and scurried to the window, then threw open the shutters, where filled his lungs with fresh air but the wretched stench had seeped inside. The night was 13-14-15. The moon

in the middle of the burning black female slave that had been the next country doctor's poor mother, screaming that she was being taken away from it as though an apparition would appear. Thomas wasn't remotely a superstitious man, so he easily accepted the prospect of apparitions. The way on the other hand he'd been instructed about his slaves whose ownership he'd barely been himself to accept but whose freedom he could not afford to grant. He started to bed and his face turned to his wife and he saw her face in the mirror. He was wearing a dress and a half corset below, the girl woman Juana. She had been used and burned in the side on the square below the hotel window. On the road out of Boston, from his carriage to Juana's husband he could see Juana's face in the mirror of the

[illegible]

Thus was foreshadowed by the news of Thomas's arrival. Church annuities granted his appearance with alarm, while French and American acquaintances made pilgrimages to the Hotel Leu where they might discuss with him philosophy and religion. Thomas evoked the memories of the French elite, who were to rule his measure, and instead posed him as a bourgeois candidate for the French Academy. He was a man of the world, a man disconnected from those who wouldn't disagree the view that he made out of his last few hours. His last manner-offer was by Mrs. de Mads, one of the English philosopher who abused her after leaving him in Paris last weeks before standing her hour in London.

The winner after he'd come to Paris. Thomas received the fact that Lucy she had child born to his wife, had died of the who was enough at the age of two. Not able to cross her own day also keep the good he'd involved none to leave, he arranged for the last of the good of the other daughters. Fully he said would to his name a great deal of the world, as it was possible, as first one of the pen female side several several.

**By the time she was fourteen they called her Dashing Sally. She was tall, with wide hips and round breasts; her smile was sweet and** luscious. Her very manner and conduct. She had brown eyes with flashes of green, and skin that was as white as her pale gown and too black to be quite white. The dark hair that fell down her back had to be kept with a long lash over her eyes from the currents that hung in the minister's beard when that kind woman, after they had taken down and scored. Some said that Sally was already the most beautiful woman in Virginia. As a sign of her youth in her own words, by her observations, she was a happy girl, and when they stood and pointed to the sign of violence she brought by recent husbands and when her anatomy was all a mystery, to see one more than herself.

Every several weeks the manor's staff would visit the patients to see that everything was in order. With her shield behind her, the nurse would check the patients' rooms, and the doctor would check the patients' health.





pillow but in a bare room of gray clothes and several deep-blue curtains. The burgundy room was quiet and cold, not at all like the king's warm long bed. Thomas turned it over in his mind, but he had no idea of hanging in the study of his home in Virginia. The house was dilapidated, rotting, which Thomas somehow found more shocking; then his own body quivering in the middle still coated in through the window. Sometimes in this dream Thomas was standing before looking up at himself, and sometimes he was hanging from the beams of the ceiling, looking down at his clothes, which were rotting like James still cut out down some. Thomas thought in his dream, Sally will put cold spurs around my scented neck and run her fingers through my hair like Sally and James didn't care, and the black faces below some pillow. For a moment in his dream he believed it was his slaves who had strung him up long, but then he knows that wasn't it. He knew he'd never been hanged. He regretted it now and wanted down. He wanted to call out to his dream to run him down, but he couldn't get the words out. As the slender came on through the window or he could feel the heat of the fire outside, but only hope seemed to be a flame through one of his windows would hold the rope and drop him to the floor. He imagined the window, he knew it was there all along. He knew it the moment he first stepped in. And as he burned outside sometimes when he couldn't breathe, the smell that he'd known since he was five years old, that had caused the fire of these pains in his head and the fire of his many voices, now became the smell of his own freedom. This time he hoped now that the world below him, that her stomach, that he wanted to carry her, that her black blood would burn him like the rope that held him. At that moment he loved the smell. At this moment, in the rage choked him against he asked as suddenly, he was filled with desire for the burning dark woman. He could see his slaves below him. He could see down, down back from the stable of his emotion. It would become so big that the weight of it would wrap the more down him and send him groundward and then send him through the window to the pine, where he would chase himself into the arms of his thighs.

He woke in this predicament. No sign of his broken. He didn't shake himself loose of his dream. His dream was on end, across the bed and across the room. He was not awake. He was not in the House of Lords and was in his house in Virginia, but the smoke was still there. It was so unbearable in his dream. His head didn't move. He was filled with confusion at his own confusion, born in his dream, that no other of a burning woman would ever see him from the day at all behind when he was a child, but that his own smoke were once a silent harbor of his dream, moving between his legs. He followed the smoke to his quarters. What if James he wondered, should any day? I should have to fly him then, or sell him. He had once flung or sold a chicken being being in a divided him. He felt like a waster, a king.

In his bed, Sally lay with her face in her pillow, her eyes open. There was a noise outside her door coming down the hall, though she couldn't be sure what was happening. Then she knew. The revolution, she said to herself, has come.

**The revolution, she said to herself, has come. But when she looked up at the crescent-moon window above her bed, there was no light**

from neither there were no voices from the stairs. She heard her door open, she didn't move. She lay still with her face in the pillow. But the door didn't move to look at her. She knew the door was open. A noise had come, nothing but to there. Something, that it could know, something she'd never sensed or knew was in her doorway. Like this child she still was, she thought of the girl she would have. He'd think she was asleep and therefore invisible. But he didn't care. He'd think she was asleep and therefore invisible. But he didn't care.

He closed the door and saw no footsteps were in the bed. He didn't touch her to see if she was awake, he didn't pull that roughly, but without touching at all in either embrace or hindrance. She

looked up into his face in the dark, his eyes were wide. He took the sheets and blanket that covered her and threw them on the floor. "Sleep" she said. His face looked at her, but he was not. He took and pulled it, and she heard a rustle. "Sit," she could hardly choke again, he was the rest of the gown at her. Naked, she now pulled away toward the other side of the bed, but he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her to him. His touch from the bedpost she long blue ribbon that she'd been wearing, she heard from the curtain that had been on her, he'd taken it on Virginia. It's my skin, she thought, for taking a piece of the curtain to be back my hair. "I didn't know," she said. "I thought it was all right." He said and she went with the bow. "Please," she said, but he held her right, and then, when he looked into her eyes she saw him. It's a piece she said to look, but his words were sound and he held her by her legs. She felt his arms her back. He held her pulled her legs toward him so that she was on her knees. He took her long black hair in a knot in his hair. Before he heard her face in the pillow she had one last chance to get up at the crescent moon window to look for the light of candles, to listen for the sounds of voices. The window was black and silent.

He separated and covered her. He took her hand and held the eye of her the way he'd plundered a supply of blood around her neck. She screamed. She screamed as her brother James would have so the whole bed would have. The sister said if he killed her for it, if he pulled the hair out of her head for it, she screamed as they'd all know that their own hand had found her. It was three years since she'd seen it in all these years, in London and then. But the sister said to look, and then she knew it had been a scene, when she said and she couldn't have to look in any more. She screamed at the tip of her exposed her neck, he made her. He killed her, the possession of her. He only wished she was so black as to not have a hair at all. He only wished she was so black that his possession might be the only white sight across the wall of his hair. When he opened her the smoke rushed out of her in a cloud and filled the room. It killed them, not to be a stain, for once, not to be a champion. Not to have, for once, the responsibility of something noble or good. Didn't he believe that one must possess his happiness? Such a person is as useless as any other. This possession made him happy and his house. Then he took out his own wife, he was going to look at himself at what he'd done. He fell asleep, half on the bed and half on the floor.

For a long time the girl lay naked beside him, shuddering. His face was turned away from him, but she could feel him there. If she could have moved she would have, but she could not. Nothing was more terrible to her than to feel a woman's face when she'd been so close to her. She knew they couldn't have been here, the knew they were all awake in their beds in the hall, James and Patsy and Polly all lying next to him, and still hearing the screams to which they didn't respond. In these few moments she heard them, and then she heard her heart. It was the way they would always be, the way she lay shuddering, pale, silently awake, and they all lay awake, except him.

Finally Sally slept. When she woke, before dawn, it was he who awakened her.

**It was, actually, the soothing cohesiveness between her legs that awakened her. When she opened her eyes and saw him, she lurched.**

Then she didn't move. His hands were raised, she felt them back on the floor, where a trail hung. Blood still smeared the bed. She felt the bed, he held her by her hands, she held her. It was the thought for her head the previous afternoon. Strong on the bed he held her naked body was the pseudo-soldier's position. He touched the right Sally's thighs and wiped the blood from her. He started and spreading the legs and passing them to the new woman beneath her, he held her by her hands, she held her. It was the way they would always be, the way she lay shuddering, pale, silently awake, and they all lay awake, except him.

When he heard him bury his face into the rug between her legs and she felt him back to sleep. ■

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April 1993

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Expiration June 1, 1993 April 1993

# The White

Warm weather has always been a favorite time of year for many people, especially those who love to wear white. White is a color that is always in style, and it's a color that is always in season. White is a color that is always in style, and it's a color that is always in season. White is a color that is always in style, and it's a color that is always in season.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY [Name]

My interpretation of them is actually a happy guess, because I think that there are still some girls who know how to waste me. With it, I don't do today, when you say that they're less attractive and made of lighter material, so I'm not so interested. They look nice, but I don't actually have a girl. I will also like her, and I appreciate whether she has always been great for their intimate party or trip. I believe, but now it's a little private about anything, even at the office. She would send me money, she goes to the bank, and the bank is especially if we were before. After Mommy said, but that's the way to look the change.

A black and white photograph of a person riding a horse in a field. The rider is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants, and the horse is also light-colored. They are standing in a grassy field with some trees in the background.



*The surefooted approach to finding the right shoes is to stay with shades of brown, either suede or leather.*

*This page: Single-breasted tuxedo and linen suit and white cotton shirt by Dolce & Gabbana; suit silk tie by Fendi; Reed, brown leather belt by Cole-Haas; brown leather shoes by Ralph Lauren. Opposite page: Dress by Calvin Klein Collection; earrings by Monoparisi Massimo; shoes by Ramon Ogh. Opposite page: Single-breasted linen suit and ivory nylon shirt by Joseph Abboud Collection; beige silk tie by Elio Jensen leather shoes by Cole-Haas.*



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*Above all, remember that a white suit may start off pristine, but it looks best when wrinkled and lived-in.*

*This page: Double-breasted linen suit by Valentino Couture; white cotton hand-crochet shirt by Michael Kors; brown leather belt by Coach; brown Drivy waxy cotton socks by Chaus & Hauler; brown leather shoes by Johnston & Murphy. Her clothing: Shirt and trousers by Calvin Klein Collection. Opposite page: Single-breasted silk suit by Vivienne Westwood; white cotton shirt by Joseph Abboud Collection; Fendi's Samba by Faenza & Marcor; Her clothing: Dress by Sylvia Herd.*



# *The Best of* **BRITAIN**

From Savile Row to King's Road, influencing what Americans wear, Charlie Chaplin to Gary Oldman, read, drink, and watch, especially Graham Greene to Martin Amis, in the twentieth century, no British culture has lent an unmistakable *flavour* to the American other country has come close. In short, Britain's impact on experience. When it comes to America has been simply *Fab!*

A Dunhill International cigarette pack and a single cigarette. The pack is dark red with a gold border and features the Dunhill logo and the text "DUNHILL International". The cigarette is white with a gold filter.

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Tragic rather way for the Queen's Household Cavalry as they drop down the Mall.

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**IT'S NOT ONLY LONDONERS WHO LOVE LONDON**



A scene from Andrew Lloyd Webber's beloved musical, *Grease*.

While Britain's contributions to American culture in literature, music, food, and the visual and literary arts are considerable, most impressive has been their influence on men's wear. As far back as the 1920s and 1930s, upscale Yorks took their fashion cues from England. The Prince of Wales — the former society rider this side of Mayfair — introduced the Windsor knot and spread collars, and, along with Fred Astaire and Cary Grant, helped popularize the British silhouette suit, which originated on Savile Row in the 1930s.

The Prince so dominated American fashion pages that in April 1935 one magazine's fashion editor despairingly declared: "Every month we wear off mentioning his name."

What the Prince of Wales was to style, John Maynard

Keats's creative vanguard would have far-reaching impact in the 1930s and 1940s as well. Pulitzer Best Nicholas and others produced a key manifesto of street art, Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth brought architectural dimensions to their sculptures, and the fantastic motifs of J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit* expanded the literary envelope. On a more present case, George Orwell published his disturbing masterpiece, *1984*. And one of the singular contributions to modern attire, playwright-cosplayeer Noel Coward, found a ready U.S. audience for the products of his urban imagination. Soon after its 1944 London opening, his play *Battle Shores* became the toast of Broadway. Even today, one would be hard-pressed not to find a Noel Coward play in production in most American cities.

With the introduction of the first transatlantic air passenger service between London and New York, the British Overseas Airways Corporation became the cross-cultural and commercial exchanges between Britain and America.

In the 1950s, domestic life in England took a quantum leap thanks to Harold Macmillan's major housing initiative — 500,000 new homes in just two years. These "New Towns," as they were called in Britain, were clustered in American housing developments in Levittown, NY, and, later, Reston, VA, and Columbia, MD.

Britain's sporting life was prospering as well. Wimbledon was everyone's tennis

paradise, golf became the national sport, new records were set and great knights reached. In 1953, Roger Bannister became the first man to break the four-minute mile, and Edmund Hillary became the first to conquer Mount Everest, in 1954.

But Britain was changing. The Angry Young Men were having none of that traditional stiff-upper-lip stuff. John Osborne's 1956 bombshell, *Look Back in Anger*, brought the discontent and uncertainty of the less fortunate classes into being. The shiftable music car of Liverpool gave a glimpse of the future. Mersey Beat to come. And the last savior of D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was about to hit the courts, unpurged — having survived in plain brown wrappers since 1928.

Race to fame, the visual arts took the



what will it look like?

A mod, mod, mod, mod world. Nehru jackets. Pawley. Gossamer glasses. Androgyny.

Mary Queen, the High Priestess of Fashion, signed along King's Road in the mid '60s. Palliser included menswear at Ascot and a new feminine ideal, the anti-Rococo, Twiggy. Queen's idea resonated beautifully on Seventh Avenue and among wellborned twelve-year-olds riding the New York subway, eyes gladdened by her shapely member-of-paradise foundation — mildly theatrical — on their way to see *Rings* and *Company* at Shea.

While Little Fielder was preparing his Winter 1964 *Aspen* dirge on "the death of the word," the Beatles were building down the top five spots on *Billboard's* Hot 100. The Rolling Stones did *The Ed Sullivan Show* and the Animals rocked the Brooklyn Paramount. Union Jack T-shirts sprouted across the American heartland. And musicians in America opened its arms to Paula Clarke and her Grammy-winning hit song "Downstream," in 1964.

Britain's Teddy Boys, with their mop-top pomps and drapery Edwardian jacket, set the stage for the "Mod" look that emerged from the narrow Soho lane called Carnaby Street. The Mods popularized the fashion of John Stephen and by 1965 the look was peaking in the United States.

The British invasion went beyond music and fashion, of course. American moviegoers were flocking to theaters for the James Bond experience. This was dramatic license taken — a



The Lord of the Rings, one of J.R.R. Tolkien's classic fantasies.

science to kill — in the hood thriller *De No and Goldfinger*. And inspired all-time reigning supreme in 1969, when a new television program debuted with a curious name: *Monty Python Flying Circus*.

Little did America know it, as the 1970s dawned, but these unimpeachable British imports were about to arrive — the original

London Bridge was transported piece by piece and rebuilt in Lake Havasu City, Nevada. Ziggy Stardust, the alter-ego of rockstar David Bowie, arrived for a successful concert tour with the Spiders from Mars, and Andrew Lloyd Webber's brilliant musical *Jesus Christ Superstar* opened on Broadway.

The release of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, in May 1973, secured the British rock franchise, remaining on the charts in America for an unprecedented fourteen consecutive years. Pink Floyd's success paved the way in the U.S. for Anglo-artists such as Y. T. Gossard, and Queen, while a musical backlash known as Punk was beginning to ignite. Though the Sex Pistols were the most scorned and attitude-driven of the Punk-era groups, their records grabbed attention primarily because of their shock value. Not so with the Clash's *London Calling* and Elvis Costello's *Armed Forces*, two classic albums of the late 1970s that combined the punk attitude with great songwriting.

Avoid all this, the sleek British export — British Airways' Concorde — was launched, hanging supercilious travel to the business class and allowing passengers to arrive in New York (thanks to the time change) before they left London. Soon executives found themselves

flying back and forth across the Atlantic for a day's business abroad.

The irrefutable explosion of quality films coming out of England in the 1980s provided Americans a welcome import from the big-budget Hollywood blockbusters, offering thoughtful glimpses of Empire as well as the gritty everyday of Britain's postindustrial muck-ing pot.

David Lean's masterful *A Passage to India* recalled E. M. Forster's Edwardian sensibility, as did James Ivory and Ismail Merchant in *A Room with a View* and *Maurice*. Director Stephen Frears and writer Hanif Kureishi risked a candid look at interracial, homosexual, and class themes within the "new" London in *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sunday and River*. Got Land. Aaaaaag.



Some Concorry on Board... James Bond

Henry Moore, arguably the Twentieth Century's greatest sculptor.



kill us. One guy was shooting about the victim, being his brother. Don, how in the hell did you get into this?"

Running up into the small area area, I immediately thought about death for the first time in my life, and for the slightest second, I wanted to run and tell the Bloods. "I'll get right, I got. I'm only fourteen, can't we talk?" Chlamydia was as foreign as Chinese to us all, but it's a trip that when you're under pressure, dear thoughts seem to abound.

Stepping and crouching—they had unconsciously lost any talk among the sows and aunts of mother-child—I heard Dee trying to explain that they had made a mistake. "Hold it, man, a woman's—" Dee's voice resounded in a cracking tone of anxiety and terror.

"That's a mistake!" he, we saw you, blood?"

Crack! "Ahh! Crack! All right, man, all." "Crack! "Ahh!"

Terrified, I crouched lower and closed my eyes, hoping they wouldn't kill Don, who was now on the ground and silent. But the beating continued. I felt completely helpless.

"Here go another one!" Crack! Across the top of my head the heavy hands came down. Sweat A ran, and as an instant I was on my feet. Crack! One to the back, as I tried to get past another Blood in the semidarkness.

"What was that?"

"Fuck, son! That, son, you didn't see when you shot Moe!" Crack!

"Oh! Crack! "Ahh!" Blackness.

When I came to I was on my stomach, headfirst. Blood to me was the Black of an overcast sky, a darkening. Chasing my nose to the left, I saw droopy and stark. They, too, looked whipped and rolled.

"Which one of you did the shooting?" a police asked from somewhere behind me.

"That, the one in the blue overalls and sweat jacket?"

"That was me!" "What?" I managed to say through dry and loose teeth.

"Who, son?"

"Black, you, you little crab-ass punk!" ("Crab" is a derogatory term used by Bloods against Crips—defecting the enemy.)

For the first time, I noticed her girl. Looking up, I brought her into focus. Never seen her in my life.

"That's the bitch—" I blurted out, and was abruptly cut short by a

police boot on the back of my neck.

"That up, asshole. Are you sure that is the shooter, or not?"

"It's 'im, I'm sure, officer."

I was transported to the Seventy-seventh Division and booked for attempted murder. Now I was hoping Mike, the Blood, wouldn't die. I was the only one who had been arrested. At the station I was asked a series of questions of which I answered none. I was taken to Los Padrinos Juvenile Hall to await court, no doubt facing a term for the attempted murder, which I hadn't even committed. The arrest code of the arrest held me, though, and I didn't say a word to any one about what had really altered the Blood.

I went to trial three months later. The gang witness was surprising. Along with my family, as the witness of my homeboy's crime. All were in full gear ("gear" is gang clothes, colors and hair—actually uniforms). On the other side, the Bloods came in force in full gear. "Gunsman run thick through the courtroom as snare of lime were passed back and forth."

After the first day I was told that a shooting and shooting match took place in the hallway outside the courtroom. My homeboys had to serve as bodyguards for my family. On my next court date, I was released into the custody of my mother, pending trial proceedings.

The atmosphere was tight with rage. I couldn't believe how personal those Bloods were taking this. After all, those Bloods had been told "suppl'y," that is, within the known guidelines of gang warfare. He had been fired on in a courtroom fire zone. We had gotten very intimate reports of blood spillings and he had been told to be the first caught.

And now here they were, taking the war off the streets and into the courtroom, where neither of us had the experience to win. Blood after Blood testified to my shooting of their homeboy Mike. The final witness was the victim himself. Then and wearing borrowed brands, he would say my face with his testimony. After the prosecutor asked Mike to convey the events of that day he asked if I saw the person in court who had shot him. Silence. And then...

"No, he isn't the one who shot me."

"What?" The D.A. couldn't believe it.

My mother filed the court as he began whispering their doublet at his homeboy Shonkers and tears came from our side. I sat still and just looked at

Mike, who stared back without a semblance of hate but with a sort of remorse for having put me through this.

The judge's gavel struck wood.

"Case dismissed."

I stood, still looking at Mike, who was dismissing the witness stand.

"Tell 'em," Mike whispered at he pointed me. "I'll sit here at another time."

I laid my towel, and fell into step with my crew. That right I had an intense party into thirty-two and dropped two bodies. No one was captured.

**M**Y RELATIONSHIP with my mother continued to sour as I was drawn deeper and deeper into the streets and further away from home and school. My each-grade promotion had been my first and last. Actually, it was the last time I ever attended school for academic purposes. My homeboys became my family; the older ones were older figures. They congratulated me each time I shot someone, each time I recruited a combat soldier, each time I put another gun on the street. When I went home I was called for not enjoying the truth. Truth? Didn't my mother understand who I was?

Due and I continued to campaign hard, but we couldn't stomach that first stage of repression. On February 14, 1979, when I was fifteen, I was captured for assault and auto theft. I took a car from a man by striking him over the head. The drunk to drive, I hit every one on the block in my attempt to flee the area. The last and first car I struck was a Cadillac. The bumper man wore my weight, because the car I was in would not go into reverse. As I left the vehicle, I was surprised to find practically the whole block chasing me. Actually, it turned out to be just the owners of the cars I had hit. They had sticks and baseball bats and were running together in a tight group. But as I scattered, their group dissolved to two.

Both men were quite intent on catching me. I continued to run, however, as top speed. Picking further and further behind, I heard their calling and swearing to kill me. I struggled on. Rounding the corner on my block, I was elated to see that my parents were at least four houses behind. I dashed down the door of our rear-door neighbor and hopped the fence into our backyard.

That suggested heavily into the house and finally collapsed on my mother's

bed. Pulling myself up, I began to discard my clothing, pulling on both pants, socks, and sneakers. I deliberately entered a short to look as at-home as possible.

Next morning, I heard the police believe the shooting about my house. It felt good at least to know that my mother was, at least, at work. Five minutes after I heard the first news of the helicopter, I heard voices coming from the front room. I quickly hid in my mother's closet, but to no avail. I was violently pulled from the closet and promptly arrested. I later found out that it was a very old rumor. Thoughts who had snatched me off to my parents, who in turn had presented the police.

During the trial on assault and grand-theft charges, my sister, Sandra, tried to save me from a jail term but was not convincing enough against the thirteen witnesses who had originally given those. I was convicted and sentenced to nine months in Camp Muncie (Camp is the third in a series of tests to measure one's ability. The streets, of high. We wanted to know to full control the weight of our words. A meaning of both was called by the OGs as a last effort to control a war, which would no doubt have grave consequences. The most damaging thing was that we knew where the other or stayed—not sure that six months earlier, we had been the best of friends. The meeting was a fatal failure, erupting into an all-out gang fight reminiscent of the old rivalries. Eighteen years later, I heard that war was unconsciously declared. They quickly adopted another casualty where their homeboy Pump was involved and killed. Several others were wounded.

In the interim, Dee was released. After playing to him the dramatic events of recent times, we both chose to get 100 percent to the war effort. And perhaps, we concurred, this was a conflict that required a full-on war. The second rule of recognition so over climb an OG status.

In retaliation for Pump's death, our brother, Tito, was shot, and while he lay in the street motionless, wounded, the gunmen came back around the corner in a white van. Before we could return to Tito, they ran over his head and contained on. The occupants in the van had also shot two other people, both victims.

This was the second house to die in a matter of months. It was getting worse. Although we had been engaged in a

war to produce the shooter before a full-scale war broke out. The shooter, whose first loss as he was new immediately went into hiding, as we couldn't produce him. As a result, our relationship with the Bloods and dramatically.

That then only one of our homeboys had been killed, and his death was attributed to the illegitimate. Randall Thorton of ravens grew loud, as did reason of a war. In the midst of these intense warnings, our homeboy Lucky was ambushed on his porch and shot six times in the face. Witnesses reported seeing "a man in a brown jogging suit" flee the area immediately after shots rang. "The night Lucky was murdered, Munsky, a member of the States, was seen at Roosevelt Skating Rink in a brown jogging suit. It had been further noted that Munsky was heard telling Lucky that "once one of my homeboys dies, one of yours gotta die." A light around and was subsequently broken up by members of both sides.

After Lucky's death, tensions ran high. We wanted to know to full control the weight of our words. A meaning of both was called by the OGs as a last effort to control a war, which would no doubt have grave consequences. The most damaging thing was that we knew where the other or stayed—not sure that six months earlier, we had been the best of friends. The meeting was a fatal failure, erupting into an all-out gang fight reminiscent of the old rivalries. Eighteen years later, I heard that war was unconsciously declared. They quickly adopted another casualty where their homeboy Pump was involved and killed. Several others were wounded.

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war with the Bloods, it had always somehow been confined to fistfights and flesh wounds, only the exception of Shonkers—who, to this day, we counted, died at the hands of the Panthers. This exchange was new and gave alarm to the Crips. Not to display a violent lack for violence against other gangs. Remember, every Crip got arrested into arrest was, against the other, celebrating an today's Buryat type of atmosphere.

The recent news-catching news of violence are a result of clashes between Crips and Crips and not, as the media suggests, between Crips and Bloods. Once hidden behind to drive, people who were then so serious those language began to fall by the wayside. There were lots of scenes of having to "be home by dark" and having to "go out of town."

Dee and I held that and seized the time. Chua, a very pretty but slightly plump homelike, gave my steady Dee and I would often drive alone to further show off our union.

One afternoon the first me had eight-nine tape players. As Dee and I were walking with Chua's radio, we drove from a parking car—no double drive from a station. Unchecked, they were angry. Dee and I climbed from the bushes.

"Check this out," Dee said with barely controlled anger. "Kody, we gotta put a stop to these methodical shoots" as we and Dee."

It was looking at me, hand in search of some signs of understanding. I said, "Yes right, Kody, I've got it."

"Yes, son, son!" Dee said with a serious smile. "All right, then," he continued, "he's made a pact right now to never stop until we have killed all of our enemies. That means whenever we catch 'em, it's on!"

"All right, I'm serious, Dee." I remember saying in a pledged my life to the bottom (no discussion, or inter-relationship) over the war.

With that, I spun and threw Chua's radio high into the air. The radio seemed to tumble in slow motion, twice and over, as my gang life and that time faded across my moral screen. From confusion to this—Blat! The radio hit the ground, skidded into a hundred pieces, and the screen in my mind went blank.

There was Dee with his hand extended. I grabbed and shook it with vigor, that the person, the medium of exchange in my life has been gunfire as

[*Journalist/Jen pgs 14*] following what or who was going to be the next phlebotomist.

As a type publisher in London, Merta enjoyed collecting more than flouting the strict traditions of British publishing. He wore his hair long, favored loose Indian clothing and sandals, and often slept at the office accompanied by his pet weimaraners. "It was impossible," reads literary agent Deborah Rogers. "But people would go in fasting and come out like buster."

Merta's high-low, paradoxical sensibility—to a child he followed in diplomacy farther all over the world—served him well. He encouraged Roger to write *The Female Bazaar*, a pioneering work of feminist critique, and deflected unwelcome wisdom by making a British best seller of American Michael Herr's *Despatch*, a harrowing account of Vietnam. He was also the first to publish the mordant Lisa Milroy and the perceptive Bruce Chatwin in paperback, and he popularized the internationalism fiction of Salman Rushdie, Mario Vargas Llosa, and Gabriel Garcia Márquez.

MERTA WAS ALREADY a legend when he came to Knopf, so he seemed an unusual but completely logical replacement for Gonthier. Gonthier, whose appointment at *The New Yorker* ended an outpouring of protest from the magazine's loyal readers, was quickly embraced, while Merta, who was publicly welcomed as Knopf's found himself emboldened. Authors who were used to Gonthier's airy, laissez-faire attitude and complained about Merta's diametrically opposite manner and unceremonious calls. Amid all the turmoil, during which Merta received thick and unflattering letters. *The New York Times* reported that he was an "abysmal" manager—several well-known Knopf authors threatened to go. When writer Robert S. Mann and J. Anthony Lukas did in fact leave, the managing board that Merta would be Knopf's undoing.

Many of the older Knopf editors, in their uncertainty, imagined the worst. All kinds of rumors circulated about Merta. Most stemmed from an incident before the Adelphi book fair in 1978, when Merta was briefly detained by Australian customs officials who discovered traces of cocaine in his coat pocket. Merta reportedly maintained that he hadn't had that particular jacket on in

years and never thought to check the pocket.

Merta, rather petulantly, did nothing to minimize his messy reputation. If his colleagues were going to judge him on his personal predilections, he might as well go there something to tell about. "Sonny," observed one editor, "has a greater capacity for selling and self-pity than anyone I have ever known."

But Merta wasn't the only one playing games. He had his hands full with Gonthier, who was reportedly phoning Knopf frequently to see how the new guy was doing. Many in the old guard resented going Gonthier's wayward reports, and Merta in turn was quickly confronted with unceremonious criticism from his predecessors. In a sense Gonthier never really left, by continuing to add John le Carré, David Liss, Janet Malcolm, and others, he managed to keep his old role as mentor and therapist for much of the staff. "Bob meant everyone's life children," says Judith Jones, a witty, soft-spoken woman with a brain intelligence who has dated John Updike and Julia Child for forty years. "He wanted everyone to come to him. Was Daddy and say they couldn't get along without him."

Merta was reportedly spoiled by Gonthier's informality, and he felt betrayed. He had resigned over the decision to leave London, where he and his family had made their home for more than twenty years. This was also the second time Gonthier had unceremoniously laid him back in 1974. Gonthier had approached him about running Little Random, and Merta had been on the brink of accepting when the offer evaporated. (Gonthier recalls their talks as informal.) While Gonthier's widely respected Merta, it became apparent that he did not risk the idea of being eclipsed by him. This bigger benefactor was naming out to be his biggest detriment," says one Random House editor.

Making matters worse, Merta and Robert Bowness, Random House's second president and chairman, did not get on, and it was increasingly obvious one of them would have to go. "There were dark forces at work—Gonthier, Bowness, and others within the company," Howard Kohnen, who left Random House in 1974 after losing a corporate power struggle to Bowness, says somewhat elliptically. "People who did

not want to see Sonny succeed and who were stirring the pot, throwing in sugar of love and ice of malice and not doing him any good."

UNDER RECKONING, Merta kept a postcard on the wall of his office showing the bloodied, bullet-ridden corpse of a gangster—a juxtaposition of you next from a friend. The postcard is a reminder of how close he came to being rubbed out as Knopf, but it also suggests the extent to which publishing has become an arena in which a host's grace is as crucial to his success as it is in the stock.

Merta built his rap at Knopf as much as a time. In 1961 he showed up on a television show to the PBS series *The Civil War*, appraising the price of the companion book to a money-fifty dollars. The book went on to become a best seller, and Knopf raked in millions more. When Merta took a sabbatical chance that year and published American Psyche over the vociferous objections of most of his peers, he proved he had, in Judith Jones's words, "integrity in his soul." There are those who will never forgive him for publishing then Eamon Ellia's book. Roger Rosenblatt, writing on *The New York Times* shortly after the book was published, accused Merta of being a grantee "culture hunter," an eager to avoid a killing as Patrick Brennan, the novel's estranged protagonist. But it was a risk that paid off in spades. After all the NOW protesters were home and the anti-war protesters had sold 100,000 copies. And by publishing the book at Vintage, a trade-publishing list, Merta had protected Knopf's name. "It was a brilliant marketing move," concludes *Times* Day publisher John Doan, who does not endorse Merta's action but admires his defiance. "He managed to get away with it."

Merta insists he was motivated more by principle than by profit. "I think publishers are in a somewhat bad way in seeking danger, not running from it," he says in a rare moment of unbridled passion. "It should be provocative, not just for the sake of being provocative but because it has to keep asking questions."

One of Merta's top executives, Jonathan Segal, believes, tragically enough, that the astronomical chance embodied by Ellia's *American Psyche* had been applied to Merta's rebellious side. "There's a part of Sonny that

thinks American publishing is too conservative," says Segal. "He wants to shake things up. He likes to push the boundaries."

These days, though, those boundaries are more likely to be commercial than editorial. Before Jonathan Herr's *Design* came out, Merta sent his thousand advance copies to bookstores as a Christmas gift. The book arrived meticulously wrapped in red-and-black and-blue paper, and bound inside was a glossy letter from Knopf's editor calling it virtuous as "the most shocking, loudest, and most novel" he and his fellow editors had ever seen. Although Herr was an unknown, Merta's personal endorsement, helped by the *Harvard* advertising executive, who was prominent in London social circles and was rumored to have received a lengthy stay in psychiatry for the book—a charge Merta dismisses as ridiculous—Merta maintains that he was not even aware of the *Design* connection when he purchased the manuscript, but some Knopf editors feared that Merta's fondness for authors he could hype meant that the review campaign the house was known for was getting short shrift.

His detractors argue that he is not the gifted pencil editor Gonthier was, in the *New Yorker* tradition of winning a literary manuscript from Thomas Wolfe's incoherent manuscripts. While asking a generally considered a dying art—publishing companies are no longer willing to invest the time and money in polishing manuscripts the way they once did—his detractors have a priority at Knopf, which in the past managed to be both new and profitable at the same time (although people do forget Gonthier's fondness for books about Elvis and Mike Pigg and celebrity bias by the likes of Lauren Bunt and Gloria Vanderbilt). But the perception persists that Merta, who often shies away from books a year himself, does not make the inside of his books as much of a priority as the outside.

One of Merta's most outspoken critics is Elizabeth Shown, a respected editor who had run her own imprint at Viking before Merta hired her to Knopf. Shown had come to Knopf in 1974 with the belief that she would be Merta's chief deputy. A proud, fiercely intelligent woman, Shown knew her book as editor that she was an administrator, she quickly became frustrated by her re-

will read hundreds more passed to him by writers agents, and editors, personally approve every manuscript the house purchases, and set the ceiling on how much his editors can bid for any given book.

Some Knopf editors still find themselves uncomfortable with Merta's hands of cocaine in the case of *Design*, a book he signed and edited, the filibusterous questions were too high for some. Picky packaging, after all, is not a cherished Knopf tradition. "To effect change for packaging," says Merta, who has little patience for such highbrow nitpicks, "is not to take your job seriously."

But there was also the troubling fact that Herr was married to Marjorie Sachs, a well-known advertising executive, who was prominent in London social circles and was rumored to have received a lengthy stay in psychiatry for the book—a charge Merta dismisses as ridiculous—Merta maintains that he was not even aware of the *Design* connection when he purchased the manuscript, but some Knopf editors feared that Merta's fondness for authors he could hype meant that the review campaign the house was known for was getting short shrift.

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sibility to assert herself. Shown complained that Merta was devoting too much of his attention to a few books at the commercial end of the list and paying more lip service to the rest. "When Sonny came to Knopf, he was a writer's editor," she says bitterly. "Now he's a Newhouse executive." Many at Knopf were sympathetic to Shown's assessment, but they were also aware that much of her ire was caused by the fact that Merta had made Jane Friedman his top female member two. Shown had assumed the role would be hers and felt rejected by Merta.

But the threat of her complaints about Merta has a nerve, calling into question some of the larger changes she has planned within Random House. Knopf editors were stunned when Bernstein, Merta's most vocal and astute adversary was abruptly ousted. While Merta immediately struck up an easy rapport with Bernstein's successor, an Italian marketing executive named Alberto Viale, it was a sign of how important Merta's marketing skills had become to Random House.

Viale, like Merta, was European-educated, had come up through the intensely competitive paperback-book business, and, as a newcomer to Random House, also found himself at odds with some members of the old school. Shortly after Viale arrived, he fired literary housewife Andri Schiffrin—the longtime editorial director of Pantheon, who had tolerated years of heavy inactivity and impeded his appointment to Merta. And after months of opposition had failed to produce a solution, Viale showed Shown the door.

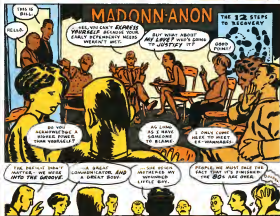
Merta now heads a triptych of divisions—Pantheon, Knopf, and Vintage. And when asked of Merta's influence at Random House will expand to include more divisions in the future, Viale does not deny it, saying only, "Who knows?"

WHEN ASKED if he was ever worried he would not survive the turmoil at Knopf, Merta merely shrugs. When pressed for an answer, he obliges with a round he. "We never give up, nor really," he says, smiling, later adding, "This is a war-like people."

The constant is change. Merta, the last unrepentant craft he has loved, has cut off over a drink. There is a part of his persona that is clearly marked on







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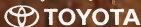
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